McKean County Miner.

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State Library Harrisburg

CUTLERY COMPANY ORGANIZED

At an Enthusiastic Meeting at Hose House Tuesday Evening.

CRESCENT CUTLERY CO. IS NAME.

It was an Enthusiastic Meeting of the Stockholders, at Which Time the Board of Directors was Elected and Other Business Transacted—Work on New Building Will Begin About March 1st.

An enthusiastic meeting of the stockholders of the proposed new cutlery plant was held at the hose house Tuesday evening, and at this time the following board of directors was elected: Charles McKean, H. H. Redfield, T. H. Pancoast, C. D. Comes, S. L. Fry, O. J. Hamlin and Wm. Monheimer. Owing to the absence of some of the newly elected directors the election of officers and other important business was deferred until the next meeting, which will be held within a few days.

At this time a president, secretary, treasurer and other necessary officers will be chosen, application will be made to the governor for a charter for the new company and other important matters attended to. A site has not as yet been selected, but this proposition, together with the style of building will be left with the directors, who will decide these things within a very short time. These gentlemen have several desirable locations in view.

At Monday evening's meeting a name for the new company was decided upon which is "Crescent Cutlery Company." It was also agreed upon that the first payment of 10% on the subscribed stock shall be made February 1st, the second of 20% on March 1st, and after that equal installments of 20% on the first of each month. This plan should meet the approval of the stockholders.

In conversation with one of the directors last night a MINER representative was informed that the cutlery plant for Smethport was a sure thing and that the plant would be in operation by the early spring. He also stated that unless the weather became more favorable operations on the building would not begin until the first of March. The prospects for the new concern are exingly bright and no doubt it will become a leading factor in the business life of Smethport.

Every citizen of this borough should be interested in this concern. Not all could invest money in it, but now that it is certain that the cutlery factory is a "sure go" every man, woman and child can invest interest and show their appreciation for what has been accomplished for the town. The men at the head of the Crescent Cutlery Company are honest, reliable, hustling business men who have labored untiringly toward the landing of this manufacturing plant and they can be depended upon to successfully conduct the business in the future. And last, but not the least, boom Smethport and the Crescent Cutlery Company.

More Deadly Than Battle.

"More than 57,500 persons are under sentence of death in the United States. They are hourly awaiting their end which may come at any minute—which surely will come before the year is out."

This alarming prophecy was made by Rev. Josiah Strong, president of the American Institute of Social Service, in speaking of the many casualties on American railroads. Dr. Strong was discussing the appalling wreck on the Rock Island Railroad in Alptavista, Kan., in which over 30 were killed and 40 injured. He said more persons had been killed on railroads in the United States in one year than there were on both sides in the Boer War in three years.

"Last year on our railroads," he said, "we killed as many every 37 days and wounded as many each 12 days as all our killed and wounded in the 251 engagements of the Philippine war. Or in other words there were 34 times as many casualties on our railroads in one year as our army suffered in the Philippine war in three years and three months."

"At this rate it may be expected that every week in the coming year under presents conditions over 1,100 persons will die violently. It may be in a railroad wreck, an elevator accident, trolley car smash, explosion, fire, or any of the thousand and one terrible forms that death may assume. But it is coming.

Wanted.

Carload of horses, will buy regardless of age or blemish. Will be at Jones' livery, Smethport, Saturday, January 26th. Bring your horses and get the cash. CHARLES MILLER.

Many goods at cost at store of D. O. Young to reduce stock for spring goods. Call and look over bargains.

Eaten by Rats.

A dispatch to the Buffalo Evening News, dated Jan. 17, gives the following horrible death of a former Smethport resident:

The mutilated body of James Cromer was discovered in the house which he occupied alone, near the D., L. & W. depot at Bath, yesterday, by Chief of Police Serafford. The man had evidently been dead several days, as his eyes had been eaten out, the nose and ears off, cheeks gnawed and the hands badly torn and lacerated by rats. Harry Alderman reported to Chief Serafford that for over a week he had failed to see anything of Cromer, and had noticed no smoke issuing from his house. The chief and Mayor Andrew Cook, who owns the house, went to the place together. Entrance was effected by breaking in the door. Cromer was discovered sitting in his chair, his body in the condition above detailed. Coroner John E. Husson will conduct an inquest. It is thought he died from natural causes. The body was removed to Slocum's undertaking rooms.

Cromer was born in Tyrone, Schuyler county, N. Y., and has passed all of his life in this community. His wife died a number of years ago. He was a member of Custer Post, G. A. R., of Bath, serving in the 107th Regiment. He leaves one son, Edward Cromer of Thurston.

"Jimmy" Cromer, as he was generally known when a resident of Smethport, was one of those good-hearted persons, though somewhat erratic in his actions. His friends in this vicinity will regret to learn of his death under such a gruesome circumstances.

More School Room Needed.

On Tuesday, February 19, at the regular spring election, the voters of this borough will be asked to vote for or against the proposition of increasing the indebtedness of this borough.

The amount of the proposed increase is $8,000, and the purpose of the increase is either to enlarge the present school house, build a new one upon the lands now owned by the school district or upon new lands to be purchased.

The board of directors of this borough are forced to ask for this increase owing to the crowded condition of the schools. For the past two or three years the basement of the school building has been used as a room, which has been very inconvenient to teachers and scholars.

This is a matter of great importance and should receive the hearty endorsement of the voters. The schools of a city, borough or township should be the best possible. The schools of this borough have reached a high standard of excellence through the instrumentality of the board of directors and a splendid corps of teachers. If we are to maintain this standard the citizens must stand by the directors. We believe, and think the majority of the voters believe so, too, that more room is needed and to that end we urge the voters to think the matter over carefully and seriously, and on Tuesday, Feb. 19, vote for the proposed increase.

Civil Court News.

Civil court opened on Monday at 2 p. m., with Judge Joseph W. Bonton presiding. A list of thirty cases was on the calendar and up until to-day but four cases have been tried.

The first case on Monday was that of Mary McDonald vs. James A. McKean, administrator of the estate of P. Cosgrove, deceased, and was non suited. The defendant in the case was a niece of the late Rev. P. Cosgrove of this borough and for a number of years acted as housekeeper for the reverend gentleman. Some time after his death she put in a claim for wages and this law suit was the result. The court did not think it a proper thing to put in the labor claim, hence the non suit.

In the case of R. D. Green vs. E. C. Cleveland the jury rendered a verdict in favor of the defendant for $318.75. This case was tried at a previous term of civil court and a verdict given the defendant, but through some misunderstanding as to the amount of the verdict it was re-tried.

The Gun Did No Harm.

Thomas Connors was arrested Monday evening by Officer Binney on the charge of being disorderly. According to the story given by the police, Connors called at No. 4 Penn avenue to see a young woman, who it is said, is his wife. When Connors reached the house he found a man there who gave his name as Fred Cady and some words followed. Connors had in his possession a revolver which it is alleged he snapped at Cady. Fortunately the weapon was not loaded. Cady wrenched the gun from Connors' hand and at the same time struck the man behind the gun with a beer bottle. Connors sustained a gash in the top of his head and several lacerations about the face, besides receiving a jolt on the jaw. In the mix-up Connors also sustained a badly lacerated finger on his left hand, alleged to have been caused by Cady's teeth.—Bradford Era.

Bargains in boots and shoes at store of D. O. Young, to reduce stock.

Death of Thomas B. Clark.

Thomas B. Clark, a prominent resident of Bradford, died very suddenly at his home in that city early Monday morning. He had been ill for a week but no alarm over his condition had felt until a short time previous to his demise when the fatal change took place.

He was a native of Plain Grove township, Lawrence county, Pa., and was born Sept. 18, 1839. He became identified with the oil business in the lower fields and came to Bradford from Butler county 28 years ago. He was a successful oil producer here and in other fields and was also connected with other lines of business, including the manufacture of wood alcohol and charcoal, being president of the Lewis Run Manufacturing Co.

Mr. Clark was also active in municipal matters, being a member of the Board of Water Commissioners of Bradford for a period of 13 years, serving as president of that body for several terms. He also held the office of county treasurer for one term. The deceased took much interest in Republican political affairs. He is survived by his widow, one daughter, Miss Ethel V. Clark, and one son, Thomas Roy Clark, both of Bradford, and also leaves to mourn his loss, his aged mother and four brothers.

The deceased was an honorable, upright man, who enjoyed the confidence and esteem of many friends. His death will be keenly felt in that community, in which, for so many years, he has been a prominent figure.

Bishop Whitehead's Anniversary.

Arrangements are well nigh completed for the observance, on St. Paul's day, of the 25th anniversary of the consecration to the episcopate of the Rt. Reverend the Bishop of Pittsburg. On the evening preceding the festival there will be a banquet given in honor of the event, at Hotel Schenly, by the Church Club of the diocese. The speakers on that occasion will be the Rt. Rev. Boyd Vincent, D.D., Bishop of Southern Ohio; the Rev. George Hodges, D.D; Dean of Cambridge Theological Seminary; the Hon. George W. Guthrie, mayor of Pittsburgh; United States Senator P. C. Knox; the Rev. Dr. J. G. Holland of Carnegie Institute, and others. On the morning of St. Paul's day there will be a celebration of the Holy Communion at Trinity Church, with sermon by the Bishop of Southern Ohio; and on the evening of the feast a reception will be tendered the Bishop and Mrs. Whitehead at Trinity parish house. It was the wish of the Bishop that in commemoration of his twenty-five years' labor, some substantial addition might be made toward the permanent episcopal fund, and the matter is now receiving the attention of the committee on the anniversary and Churchmen of the city.

The clergy of the diocese will present the Bishop with a Pastoral Staff. The Rev. J. Heber McCandless will make the address of the occasion.

Overcome by Charcoal Fumes.

Wednesday morning James Lynch, a laborer employed on the new Grange National Bank building, was found in an unconscious condition in the wooden building, used as a storehouse for material used for the new bank and for preparing the mortar, which is situated just west of the bank building. Medical assistance was summoned and the man was brought to consciousness and removed to his home at East Smethport.

Mr. Lynch, who was working in the wooden building, is thought to have been overcome by charcoal fumes arising from the stove which is used to keep the material warm. At any rate that is the opinion given out and taking everything in consideration it is a plausible solution.

It is very fortunate for Mr. Lynch that he was found by his fellow workmen within a short time after he was overcome or the results might have proved more serious.

May Move to Georgia.

Elisha K. Kane recently paid a visit to the south in quest of timber with which to feed the maw of the big mill at Kushequa, which has just completed the task of denuding the hills and valleys of this section, and has hit upon a tract located in northwestern Georgia, on which there is estimated to be 200,000,000 feet of timber, mostly white pine and poplar.

Mr. Kane will shortly place a corps of experts on the tract, and if the estimate holds up, will purchase same, when the Kushequa mill will be taken south and set up on the new site. Mr. Kane will than spend his winters in the south superintending his lumber operations, and his summer in the north, superintending the manufacture of brick, which is carried on at Kushequa in an extensive manner.—Mt Jewett Herald.

Wanted—By a prominent monthly magazine, with large, high-class circulation, local representative to look after renewals and increase subscription list in Smethport and vicinity, on a salary basis, with a continuing increase from year to year in the business created. Experience desirable, but not essential. Good opportunity for the right person. Address Publisher, box 59, Station O, New York.

Subscribe for the MINER.

CANDIDATES FOR NOMINATION AT PRIMARIES

To be Held at Regular Polling Place on Saturday Afternoon.

POLLS TO BE OPEN FROM 2 TO 8.

Three Tickets are in the Field—With Two Exceptions the Lincoln and Democratic Tickets are the Same—Primaries to be Held Under New Primary Law.

On Saturday afternoon from 2 until 8 o'clock the spring primaries for McKean county will be held at the regular polling places throughout the county. Under the new law each party holds its primaries at the same time and in Smethport borough there are three parties who have filed nomination papers—Republican, Lincoln and Democrat. There are three councilmen, two school directors, justice of the peace, assessor and several other minor offices to be filled and a strong array of candidates have been selected. The list follows and you can take your pick:

REPUBLICAN.

Council (vote for three)—Martin E. Carlson, E. E. Heath, Frank Kerns, Michael J. Welch, W. A. Andorfer (unexpired term).

Justice of the Peace—R. C. Gleason.

School Directors (vote for two)—W. F. Specht, Horace H. Redfield, Sheridan Gorton.

Assessor—Geo. H. Hyde.

Auditor—W. R. Stark.

Judge of Election—H. R. Henderson.

Inspector of Election—E. M. McClure.

Committeeman—W. A. Andorfer.

LINCOLN.

Council (vote for three)—W. H. Gallup, F. L. Sherburne, H. H. Sasse (unfinished term).

Justice of the Peace—R. C. Gleason.

School Directors (vote for two)—Chas. McKean, Horace H. Redfield.

Assessor—M. L. Armstrong.

Auditor—Wade Burdick.

Judge of Election—I. J. Hannold.

DEMOCRAT.

This ticket will be the same as the Lincoln with the exception of justice of the peace, the candidate being W. G. Holder, and inspector of election, candidate, E. T. Daly.

A Fine Old Comedy Coming.

Something strong is promised in the next attraction at the Lyceum Friday Jan. 25, in a revival of the always welcome comedy drama, "Fogg's Ferry," which is to be given with a wealth of new scenery by Frank Platzer, formerly of the Royal Theatre, Berlin, and now attached to the Academy of Music, New York, for which house he has just completed a beautiful drop curtain. Among the scenes presented are, the valley of the Tennessee river; a typical Southern garden; the ruins of a deserted mill at a Tennessee landing; and a well to do Southern homestead. One of the triumphs of stage realism is the explosion of a torpedo under the bows of a steamboat which crosses the stage lighted and under full head of steam. Besides a cast which has just stood the ordeal of a New York criticism there are a quartette and a troupe of dancers used. The clever little soubrette star, Estelle Ferry, plays the leading role of Chip.

Death of Hiram K. Moore.

Hiram K. Moore died of tubular pneumonia Jan. 21, 1907, at 10 p. m., at his home in Farmers Valley, after an illness of one week.

He was born Jan. 25, 1821, in Farmers Valley, and was married in Farmers Valley to Miss Rebecka Geary, Jan. 5, 1844. Three children were born to this union, John J., who served in the Civil war in Co. H., 199th Pa. Volunteers, Lydia D. and George L.

Mr. Moore enlisted in August 1863 from Waterford, Erie Co., Pa., at the age of 42 as a private in Co. E, 76th Pa. Volunteers. He was in the hospital about four months and the following November he received a furlough of thirty days from Philadelphia, Pa. He took active part in the battles of Chapin's Farm, Ft. Darling and Ft. Fisher, and received his honorable discharge July, 1865, at Raleigh, N. C. Since then he has lived with his son, John J. Moore. He was a man of strong Christian character, and was beloved by all who knew him. ***

Dissolution of Co-Partnership.

Notice is hereby given that the co-partnership heretofore existing between C. J. Vanblad and Carl Treff, under the firm name of Vanblad & Treff, general blacksmiths, has been dissolved, Carl Treff, retiring. Those having claims against the firm will please present the same at once, and those owing the old firm are requested to settle the same at their earliest convenience.

C. J. VANBLAD,
CARL TREFF.

Smethport, January 22, 1907.

Nice hand picked apples at store of D. O. Young, 75c bushel.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.

Miss Abby Bullis, daughter of Byron G. Bullis of East Hamburg, N. Y., died at Newman's camp in Keating township on Monday, Aug. 10, 1885, aged 18 years.

Once more we are called upon to announce a death in the family of Mr. T. C. Wainman. Thursday morning, Aug. 20, 1885, after a severe illness, Miss Carrie aged about 18 years, died from paralysis of the heart, the result of scarlet fever. She was an intelligent little girl, whose bright and winning ways would have gone far towards lightening the grief of the afflicted home, so recently made sad by the death of a mother and sister. Our entire community were in sympathy with Mr. Wainman and the remaining ones, and had hoped that his severe trials were at an end, but this last affliction calls forth new grief from all. The funeral services were conducted from the family residence Friday morning, by Rev. F. S. Parkhurst.—Eagle.

Many friends will learn with regret of the not unexpected death of B. I. Taylor at his home in Tarport, Tuesday morning, Aug. 18, 1885, at the age of forty years. He had been faring with consumption for a year or more and his family were fully prepared for the inevitable. Mr. Taylor was from Brady's camp, ten miles from Ridgway. About ten years ago he moved to Limestone and subsequently to Tarport where he associated himself in the business of oil development with John Brenneman. Of late, however, Mr. Taylor had been operating on his own account. He was a popular and much respected man, with an acquaintance over a large portion of the oil country. The funeral services took place at his residence on the Clark farm, near Kendall, on Thursday morning, Rev. Mr. Negly of Ridgway, officiating, and were very impressive. The remains were taken on a special car attached to the 12:35 train on the R. & P. R. R. to Ridgway, where they were received by the Masonic Lodge of that place, and buried with Masonic rites. The pall bearers were Johns Artley, Joseph Nye, Wm. Dunagon, John Brenneman, Chas. H. Knox and Sheriff Bannon.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Kruger lost an infant daughter Thursday, September 4, 1885, by cholera morbus.

Mrs. Dooke Gallup, wife of Jabez Gallup, Esq., died at her residence in Hamlin township on Monday morning, September 14, 1885, at 1:30 a. m., in the 73rd year of her age. Typhoid fever was the fatal malady which caused the death of this highly esteemed lady at the end of less than three weeks' illness. Mrs. Gallup was the daughter of Nathaniel Brewer, one of the first settlers of Norwich township. She was born in Greenwich, N. Y., in December, 1812. In 1815, at the tender age of three years, she came to this county with her fathers family. Mr. Brewer's was one of ten families of Chemango county, N. Y., who emigrated to this county that year and started the first settlement at the head of Potato creek. The families accompanying were those of Jonathan Colegrove, Timothy Wolcott, Rowland Burdick, Nathaniel C. Gallup, Reuben Scott, William Brewer, John Abbey, William Smith and Gideon Irons. The people who live along the beautiful valley of Potato creek to-day little know the privation and suffering these pioneers endured at this early period. On their way here four or five of these families came through Elmira and crossed the Canisteo river at Painted Post. From there a greater part of the way they traversed Potter county, which was then almost an unbroken forest. Much of the distance they had only trails to follow, and were compelled to cut their way through dense forests. The remainder of the families started a little later and when they reached the Canisteo river the water was so high they could not ford it.

They came on to Angelica crossing the Genesee river at that point and finally reached Stulltown, on the Allegheny river, where they encamped for several days. From that point to their destination they followed the valley of Potato creek, stopping a day or two at this place, which then consisted of only one or two families. From these settlers sprang the great bulk of the present inhabitants of Norwich township. The marked characteristics of these pioneers were to maintain a high standard of morality in their midst, be charitable and hospitable to all and to deal honestly by each other. These characteristics have held sway in that community through the succeeding generations, and to-day there is no more peaceful, contented, virtuous, happy people in the land than are the descendants of these ten families who reside in this county. In 1883 Dooke Gallup was married to Jabez F. Gallup, and for nearly fifty-three years they have enjoyed the conjugal relation as only the true husband and wife can. The result of that union was the birth of three children, a son and two daughters. Orson, the son, is now living on the old farm at the head of Potato Creek. Orphan, formerly Mrs. Callar, resides in this place. The other daughter, Alice, died in 1842. In 1861 Mr. Gallup bought the large farm on Marvin creek and moved his family there shortly after, where they have since resided. Being a man of considerable means, and the hospitality of himself and wife knowing no bounds, his table was seldom set for his family alone. She was a kind, devoted, affectionate mother and neighbor, and although she passed away at a ripe old age her loss is deeply mourned by a very large circle of relatives and friends. The funeral on Wednesday, at which Rev. Mr. Bradley officiated, was largely attended by the citizens of Hamlin, Norwich and Keating townships and Smethport borough, and the services were deeply impressive. The remains were interred in the cemetery at Colegrove in Norwich township.

Pennsylvania Out of Debt.

An Associated Press dispatch from Harrisburg, dated Jan. 21, says: State Treasurer Berry transmitted his annual report for the fiscal year, ending Nov. 30, 1906, to the Legislature tonight. The report says the State is practically out of debt and that the estimated State revenues for the next two years will be $45,000,000, of which $38,000,000 will be available for appropriation. The revenues of the last fiscal year amounted to $25,818,924, or $1,519,804.31 more than in any previous year. The report suggests that the act of 1906, governing State deposits, could be improved upon by authorizing the Treasurer to receive bids and place deposits with banks offering the highest interest rate.

Referring to the contracts for furnishing the new State capitol, the report states that upon the question of the legality of a large part of the expenditures upon the building, Mr. Berry is in doubt and desires authoritative instructions as to the payment of pending bills. After repeating his allegations of overcharge and duplication of items in these contracts, the State Treasurer says:

"With these frequently proclaimed and as yet undisputed, and I believed indisputable facts before me, I shall decline to make further payments upon these contracts, believing them to be certainly illegal and probably fraudulent. I desire to be assured of the Legislature in defending the interests of the Commonwealth if called into court."

What "Quincy Adams Sawyer" Did.

Did you ever court a country girl? Did you ever sing in a country church choir? Did you ever go to a husking-bee? Did you ever attend a town meeting? Quincy Adams Sawyer, a young lawyer from Boston, did, and that is what the play called "Quincy Adams Sawyer," to be elaborately produced here on Jan. 31, at Smethport Lyceum is about. The popular New England novel of the same name told all about these happenings, but it is said they are depicted even more vividly and interestingly in play form. All who have been farmer boys and girls should see this beautiful New England play, for it will revive pleasant recollections. The city lad should see it to realize what they have missed.

Lightning Rod Aftermath.

The Philadelphia Record says: The lightning rod swindler is still getting in his work among the farmers. Several months since the Venango county courts imposed heavy fines for conspiracy upon a group of these fellows, the testimony showing a charge of $800 for work and material worth less than $100. The same crowd or another with like proclivities has been operating recently in McKean county, where the farmer who thought they had made contracts for rods to the amount of $10 or $15 find under a revised reading they are liable for several hundred dollars each, and the McKean county courts will have some additional business in consequence.

A Word to the Wise is Sufficient.

It is time to pay for your newspaper on the day the account is due, says the Philadelphia Inquirer. There are on the books of every country newspaper, thousands of dollars worth of unpaid bills, not amounting to much to individuals owing them, but making a sad difference in the bank account of the man or men to whom they are due. They could easily enough be paid, but for some reason, careless, negligence, in some instances downright dishonesty, they are allowed to hang from year to year while the publisher suffers. The newspaper man has as clear a right to his own as any other business man.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending January 19, 1907:

Mrs. Alice Brink, Burton Kent, Mrs. A. C. Maxwell, Geo. R. Mitchell, Miss Lillian Splain.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

My line of blankets and robes is complete. Come and see them.
CHARLES LEMMLER.

TRAPPED

... By ...

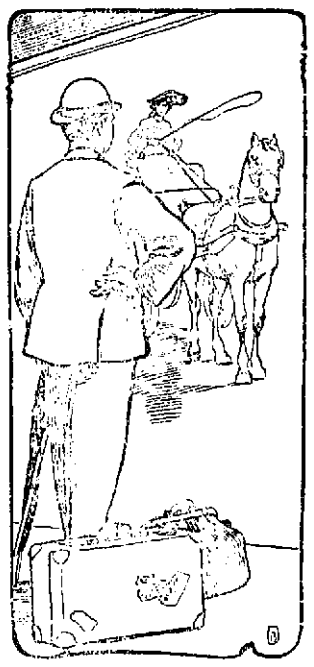
A. J. HOWELL, Jr.

Copyright, 1903, by A. J. Howell, Jr.

I HAVE always done reckless things. In fact, I have always regarded myself as a victim to a keen, irresistible relish for adventure. As a boy I was placed in many precarious positions, but through my happy go lucky way of looking at them I generally emerged all right. As a man, too, I fear that I have improved but little in this particular.

I often recall my first trip to Ethelburg a year or more ago, with just what feelings I will leave you to judge. The house wanted me to open up some new territory, and I protested, as any salesman would do, but I was told that I was the only man to break the new ground and had to go. I made one or two points in a disgruntled sort of spirit, but after I had sent in some large orders I began to get interested. It was a good agricultural country, and a drummer doesn't have to be long on the road to learn that good business may be expected where things look prosperous out of the car windows. The day I rolled into Ethelburg was splendid, just warm enough to awaken a sense of dreamy luxury.

There was a pretty girl across the aisle from me who looked at the immense green beds of garden truck, the delicate new foliage of the trees and the barnyard scenes with such an evident air of pleasure that I gradually



SHE WAS LOOKING DIRECTLY AT ME.

[illegible] how glorious it would [illegible] there with her [illegible] of my life in the [illegible] of country life. I [illegible] dream, she was awed [illegible] her for assertion, [illegible] reached. Ethelburg, however, a fellow came to from the smoker and [illegible] with long [illegible] and after a [illegible] the car stopped and he was gone. I did pretty well by one of the [illegible]. The girl laughed and the [illegible] was becoming a mockery.

At Ethelburg I stood on the platform looking listlessly about me. My eyes soon wandered beyond the row of waiting carriages to a girl dressed in white and seated in a trap. She was looking directly at me, and as she caught my eye her face brightened into a cheery smile, and she waved her gloved hand in a most familiar salutation. I lifted my hat and bowed happily. There was an unmistakable invitation in her look for me to go over and speak to her, and my pulse responded with a new sensation. I felt at once that it was a case of mistaken identity, but to make sure I cast a hurried retrospective glance behind me. I could see no one who [illegible] greeting I had appropriated.

I did not hesitate. Perhaps I should have [illegible] paying some regard to the [illegible] of the case. I was decidedly, however, to make the best of a pleasant matter, and for a moment I was [illegible] through the noisy carriage drivers, still [illegible] to keep up the deception with the girl.

She spoke first. "You didn't know whether you were coming or not," she said, extending her hand. "But I told papa it was [illegible] you would be here today and that it was [illegible] for You."

I really had my predicament, but there was no power on earth that could deter me from following up the little deception as far as I might consider prudent. By a quick intuition I felt sure that the part I was to impersonate was that of a young man who was expected on a visit in the capacity of a friend of her brother.

"Yes," I answered vaguely, but with a warm grasp of her hand, "it was convenient to come just now, and I thought I might as well not wait. I am delighted to see you looking so well."

She listened with such an eager interest that I felt a flush of embarrassment rise to my face. It was a momentary touch of weakness, and I immediately tried to steel myself against a repetition of it.

"Thank you," she answered, moving to the other side of the seat. "Do you know, I think it was really clever of me to recognize you so promptly. It has been ten years since I saw you, and time makes great changes, doesn't it?"

"Yes." I hesitated and looked at her with wondering eyes. A problem, deep and inexplicable, forced itself upon me. "How about recognition on my part?"

There was a prompt relief, however. "Of course you," she continued, "with all those photographs Tom has"—

"Why, I would have known you anywhere," I interrupted loudly.

There was nothing [illegible] in the [illegible] and I am sure [illegible] was [illegible] to my credit in the eyes of the visiting young [illegible]. She was waiting for me to [illegible] in the trap, but I was too [illegible] to [illegible], and a verbal invitation was necessary.

When the die was cast and, trapped, I sat down by her side it was with a reckless, intoxicating feeling. There was the delicious consciousness of sitting by a beautiful girl—a stranger—who, by her manner, opened to me, as to no intimate friend, an interest, whatever its nature. I never had [illegible] affair in the end, and I might enjoy it to the full for a brief length of time. We drove through the main streets of the town; our destination was evidently a suburban home. It was not long before I learned that I was playing the part of a young Mr. Gibson, who had been a college mate of her brother. As to his present occupation I was rather hazy.

She pointed out all the recent improvements of Ethelburg and directed my attention to a number of her friends whom we passed. During a period of ten years it is quite natural for one to forget a great deal, so that my ignorance and lapse of memory were not startling. It amused her and made her more charming through her feeling of superiority in that particular.

As we approached the outskirts of town I was suddenly seized with a sense of my perilous situation. A cool wave suffused me. I could not dare to appear at her home. I felt an impulse to jump and run, which of itself unnerved me. I was desperate, and the girl was talking volubly of her friends, her home and herself.

My hand wandered to my pocket in search of a handkerchief, and it was that small act that saved me. There was an important letter that I intended mailing at once upon my arrival at Ethelburg.

"I beg pardon," I said, with a show of great surprise, "but I shall have to return to the post office." I glowed with inward triumph.

"Indeed?" she answered. "And, do you know, I have been thinking for some time that I neglected to go by my dressmaker's. So we'll return and perform our missions and then come back. The weather is pleasant for driving, at any rate," she continued agreeably, "don't you think?"

The observation was one in which I heartily acquiesced, for it was a rich, balmy spring day and formed quite a contrast to the cool days from which I had just come. At the moment there was an additional inspiration in our turning toward town, for in it lay the hope of escape.

We made an agreement to meet at the postoffice within fifteen minutes, and I sprang lightly from the trap, traveling bag in hand. I recall vividly the conflict of emotions that welled within me. They were deep and earnest and now seem all the more amusing because of their genuineness. I was dizzy with delight to be free again, and at the same time I was possessed with a mean, skulking sense

"WHY, I WOULD HAVE KNOWN YOU ANYWHERE!"

of treachery. I stole through a side door and slunk away to a back street, finally drifting into a restaurant, which proved to be a little more respectable than its outward appearance indicated. That was my refuge for an hour. I chatted with the proprietor and his wife and incidentally made a good bill through a secret sense of obligation. I longed to slip aboard a train and quit the town forever. Had there been one to leave at that hour of the day I would undoubtedly have been a passenger, but there was none until 4 in the afternoon, and there were several hours before me.

I felt the importance of selling some goods and later made bold to venture forth for my sample case at the depot. The first store I entered offered a bonanza of luck. I thought the old gentleman would never close his order. But I knew it was all right; that the firm's rating could stand it, and also that we had the goods to sell and the prices to make them go. We smoked and joked for a long while, and I was quite content not to look for any more customers. In fact, to stay there appealed very strongly to my sense of prudence, for I still felt as guilty as an escaped convict. And, too, I had made a very creditable showing for Ethelburg in the way of business.

I was introduced to several of the clerks as they appeared back at the office and also to one of the old gentleman's daughters, at the sight of whom I started, very uncomfortably to myself. But the fright passed off. It was not the girl. Then came a son. He seemed a snappish, petulant sort of fellow, preoccupied about something of which he talked in an undertone to his father and sister. I won him around

I TOOK AN OPPORTUNITY TO SAY, "PLEASE PARDON ME."

all right, though, and soon had the two men seated with me listening to some new yarns that I had several times used to good advantage.

There was a light step behind me, and a happy expression leaped to the old gentleman's eyes. I did not turn at once, but the young fellow bawled out savagely, "Have you seen the rascal?"

My spirits sank, and my heart thumped. I instinctively knew that I was trapped at last, and there was nothing I would not have done rather than meet that girl face to face. I did look, however, and saw her eyes, wide and wondering, fixed upon me as she answered her brother absently, "No."

We were introduced, and I was oppressed by the cool reserve in her manner, but in a moment I took advantage of an opportunity to say in a low voice: "Please pardon me. I couldn't help it, and I meant no harm." She generously accepted the apology. I later thanked her most earnestly for her beautiful self possession that saved me that day.

We strolled together to the front part of the store, where I saw the girl who had been on the train with me. The same young man was standing beside her. As her eyes met mine, she flushed deeply. She was purchasing window curtains. I spoke of her to my companion, and through some subtle influence of the incident there was born in me a happy dream, and now whenever I reach Ethelburg the crowning circumstance of my visit is the young lady in the trap who always meets me.

Stolen Stage Names.

The peerage has its troubles, like all of us. A writer in a paper written by marchionesses for marchionesses is rather plaintive. "I hope," she says, "that all those with influence will do all they can to discourage the present tendency of young women on the lyric stage to use their own names instead of borrowing artificial ones from the peerage. One young person took a fancy to the name of my eldest girl and wore it with her tights for a season or two, to the mingled amusement and annoyance of the family." There is certainly some foundation for this complaint. It is never pleasant to have one's name worn by other people, especially with the publicity inseparable from the stage. It was a curious custom, this of borrowing names for theatrical purposes, and it is perhaps as well that it is dying out. There was seldom any reason for it. Of course if a man wished to play Romeo and his name was prosaic or repulsive we can understand his wishing to call himself "Percy Montgomery" or "Frank de Vere." But for the ordinary person there is no such need. One of our humorists, who in his youth spent some time on the provincial stage, has put it on record that he adopted what he considered a suitable stage name and liked it until he came across a man of that name who had adopted his (the humorist's) name for stage purposes. — London Globe.

Method.

"Why do you write things that nobody understands?"

"Because," answered the litterateur, "people take it for granted that I understand it and therefore give me credit for superior intelligence." — Washington Star.

Love and Dyspepsia.

Young Wife (sobbing)—I am afraid, Karl, you have forgotten what the Herr Pastor said so beautifully at our wedding—how love believes anything, suffers anything.— Young Husband—Oh, no; I haven't, but I didn't hear him say that love can eat anything.—Fliegende Blatter.

An Added Supply of Talk.

"I've had to get a new barber."

"Your old one getting careless?"

"No, but his baby is beginning to say cute things."

It is a pleasure to tell our readers about a Cough Cure like Dr. Shoop's. For years Dr. Shoop has fought against the use of Opium, Chloroform, or other unsafe ingredients commonly found in Cough remedies. Dr. Shoop, it seems, has welcomed the Pure Food and Drug Law recently enacted, for he has worked along similar lines many years. For nearly 20 years Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure containers have had a warning printed on them against Opium and other narcotic poisons. He has thus made it possible for mothers to protect their children by simply insisting on having Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. Sold by all dealers.

STOPPED THE OVATION.

Richard Wagner's Peculiar Experience In Vienna.

When Wagner was at the height of his popularity as a visitor to Vienna, [illegible] on von Beust, then chancellor of the empire, was invited to a dinner in his honor, at which the [illegible] mense [illegible] would have the air of [illegible] against the tendency of the times to make the union of Hungary and Austria more intimate. The demonstration promised to arouse strong feeling.

"Your excellency is warned," said the chancellor's advisers. "It is high time to stop this manifestation in favor Wagner goes away, and he lives [illegible] too well. Nothing will induce him to depart."

"You think so," said Beust, with a smile.

An hour later Wagner was invited to dine with the chancellor. He was flattered by the invitation and accepted it. After dinner, at which Beust was delightfully affable and entertaining, the chancellor remarked: "Herr Wagner, are you interested in autographs? I have some very curious ones to show you." And he opened a portfolio where were letters of Palmerston, Bismarck, Napoleon III., Heine and others.

Suddenly turning to a paper, dated 1848, he said: "Ah, look at this. It is very curious. What would your friend his highness the king of Bavaria say if this paper, which would be significant in connection with the political serenade which the Germans are going to give you, should be published tomorrow in the Vienna papers?"

The composer examined the paper and recognized, with surprise, an old proclamation of one Richard Wagner, who, an ardent revolutionist in 1848, had proposed to the youth of that time to set fire to the palace of the king of Saxony. He saw his autograph and that it might be the means of getting him into serious trouble.

"Very curious, is it not, Herr Wagner?" said the minister.

"Very curious, your excellency," replied his guest.

The next morning Richard Wagner left Vienna, recalled to Bairreuth by urgent business.—Strand Magazine.

MAKING WAMPUM.

A Process That Requires Both Patience and Skill.

With certain tribes wampum is still highly prized and necklaces are worn by men, women and children when they are the fortunate possessors of them. To make wampum various kinds of shells are used, white and those having a lavender hue being most liked.

The thin shells are broken into little pieces and by aid of nippers are made as nearly round as possible. When each piece is drilled in the center, the old time fire kindling style of drill being used, the shells are then strung and rolled with the hand on a flat stone, which grinds them until they are smooth and even.

Comparatively few Indians among those who prize wampum beads most highly have the skill or patience to make them, even though they had the materials. The fact is there are but few wampum bead makers in the country, and it often happens that long pilgrimages must be made to secure the requisites for really fine beads, and, as with the white man's trinkets, that which is "far fetched and dear bought" is most sought after for ornamentation.

Around some of the ancient ruins in the southwest the little disks of wampum are often found in the sand, and it is probable that they were deposited in the graves in very early times and washed out or exposed by the wind's action. These ruins are in the best state of preservation of any in the country. Absolutely nothing is known of their builders, and the origin of these ruins was as much a mystery when Coronado first saw them in 1540, when he made his famous invasion, as it is to the people of the present day.—Indian's Friend.

Oxygen and Mushrooms.

A singular way of removing oxygen from the air by the aid of a plant is as follows: Inside a glass bell jar, suspended over water, is placed a mushroom, and sunlight is allowed to fall upon the plant. The mushroom absorbs the oxygen from the air in the jar, and the carbonic acid formed during the process is absorbed by the water, which gradually rises in the jar to one-fifth of its height. The mushroom now dries up, but its animation is only suspended, as may be proved by introducing beside it a green plant, when it will recommence to vegetate, being nourished by the oxygen exhaled from the fresh plant.

Hope.

"Mr. Merchant," said the new clerk preparing to ask for more money, "I think I understand the business pretty well now, and"—

"Yes?" interrupted his employer. "Well, keep at it four or five years. Perhaps you'll understand it then as well as you think you do now."—Philadelphia Press.

Taking Papa Down.

First Daughter—Oh, papa, dear, two young men we've met down here have asked us to marry them. Father—They'd better see me first. Second Daughter—Oh, they've seen you, papa, and they love us notwithstanding.

A Fashion Note.

Doctor (to female patient)—You've got a slight touch of fever. Your tongue has a thick coat— Patient (excitedly)—Oh, doctor, do tell me how it fits!

Reading is thinking with some one else's head instead of one's own.—Schopenhauer.

ManZan Pile Remedy put up in convenient, collapsible tubes with nozzle attachment so that the remedy may be applied at the very seat of the trouble, thus relieving almost instantly bleeding, itching or protruding piles. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. For sale by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport; C. A. Anderson, Colegrove, Pa.

AN OCEAN IN THE AIR.

The Queer Superstition That Once Prevailed In England.

The curious superstition that there is an ocean above the clouds is illustrated by the following strange story by an old English writer: "One Sunday the people of a certain village were coming out of church on a thick, cloudy day when they saw the anchor of a ship hooked to one of the tombstones, the cable, which was tightly stretched, hanging down from the air. The people were astonished, and while they were consulting about it suddenly they saw the rope move as though some one labored to pull up the anchor. The anchor, however, still held fast by the stone, and a great noise was heard in the air like the shouting of sailors. Presently a sailor was seen sliding down the cable for the purpose of unfixing the anchor. When he had just loosened it the villagers seized hold of him, and while in their hands he quickly died, just as though he had been drowned.

"About an hour later the sailors above, hearing no more of their comrade, cut the cable and sailed away. In memory of this extraordinary event the people of the village made the hinges of the church doors out of the iron of the anchor." It is further stated that these hinges "are still to be seen there," a bit of evidence much like Munchausen's rope wherewith he once climbed to the moon. If you doubted the story you were confronted with the rope.

There is another queer tale about this aerial ocean. "A merchant of Bristol," it is said, "set sail with his cargo for Ireland. Some time after, while his family were at supper, a knife suddenly fell in through a window on the table. When the merchant returned and saw the knife he declared it to be his own and said that on such a day, at such an hour, while sailing in an unknown part of the sea, he dropped the knife overboard, and the day and the hour were found to be exactly the time when it fell through the window." All of which was once implicitly believed by many and regarded as the introverted proof of the existence of a sea above the sky. One is at a loss to conjecture how that "unknown part of the sea" connected with the rest of it. A physical geography showing this would be no small curiosity.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

The doctor can't always cure you; sometimes it's your mean disposition.

The trouble about a good time is that people seldom agree on what it is.

If a shiftless man in a country town doesn't keep greyhounds he usually plays a fiddle.

So many men fool away so much valuable time doing things in which there is neither point nor profit.

It is not recorded that any financial genius ever got his start by purchasing diamonds on the installment plan.

When a man is telling of a quarrel he has had and says, "I said to the other fellow," he nearly always makes what he says a good deal worse than it was.

After a girl has married and left home she sits up and takes notice every time her parents buy an expensive dress for the daughter still at home.—Atchison Globe.

The Department Store.

The organization of a great department store is almost military in its discipline and is one of the best examples of what organization can accomplish. The proprietor is commander in chief, and under him are a number of assistants who are what might be considered district supervisors. Below them are the heads of departments, who are responsible to their district chief or to some other head. The floorwalker, the man who is so much in evidence because he spends his time in the aisles, is, in fact, a superintendent or foreman in charge of a department or series of departments. Each counter is under the general supervision of what is known as a head salesman, but this head salesman is subject to the direction of the floorwalker.—"Starting In Life," by N. C. Fowler, Jr.

Peasant and King.

Henry IV., the idol of the French people, was also a king of phrase makers. During one of his tours through France he arrived at a small village and ordered that the most intelligent villager be sent to converse with him while he dined. When the rustic appeared the king ordered him to take a seat opposite to him at the table. "What is your name?" asked the monarch. "Sire, I am called Gaillard," replied the peasant. "What is the difference," said the king, "between gaillard" (i. e., a jolly fellow) "and paillard" (i. e., a rake)? "Sire," was the reply, "there is but a table between the two."

Life Marks Are Indelible.

We are not writing in the sand. The tide does not wash it out. We are not painting our pictures on the canvas and with a brush so that we can erase the error of yesterday or overlap it with another color today. We are writing our lives with a chisel on the marble, and every time we strike a blow we leave a mark that is indelible.—Lyman Abbott, D. D.

Good Reason.

"Why did Mrs. Fickler sue her husband for divorce?"

"I suppose he was the only man she could sue if she really wished to get one."—Milwaukee Journal.

No Danger.

Stella—Does she complain of being misunderstood? Bella—No; her money talks.—New York Press.

Bee's Laxative Cough Syrup containing honey and tar is especially appropriate for children, no opiates or poisons of any character, conforms to the conditions of the National Pure Food and Drug Law, June 30, 1906. For croup, whooping cough, etc. It expels coughs and colds by gently moving the bowels. Guaranteed. For sale by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport; C. A. Anderson, Colegrove, Pa.

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With nearly all medicines put up for sale through druggists, one has to take the maker's say-so alone as to their curative value. Of course, such testimony is not that of a disinterested party and accordingly is not to be given the same credit as if written from disinterested motives. Dr. Pierce's medicines, however, form a single and therefore striking exception to this rule. Their claims to the confidence of invalids does not rest solely upon their makers' say-so or praise. Their ingredients are matters of public knowledge, being printed on each separate bottle wrapper. Thus invalid sufferers are taken into Dr. Pierce's full confidence. Scores of leading medical men have written enough to fill volumes in praise of the curative value of the several ingredients entering into these well-known medicines.

Amongst these writers we find such medical lights as Prof. Finley Ellingwood, M. D., of Bennet Medical College, Chicago; Prof. Hale, of the same city; Prof. John M. Scudder, M. D., late of Cincinnati, Ohio; Prof. John King, M. D., late of Cincinnati, Ohio; Dr. Grover Cox, of New York; Dr. Bartholow, of Jefferson Medical College, of Pa., and scores of others equally eminent.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures the worst cases of female weakness, prolapsus, anteversion and retroversion and corrects irregularities, cures painful periods, dries up disagreeable and weakening drains, sometimes known as pelvic catarrh and a multitude of other diseases peculiar to women. Bear in mind, it is not a patent nor even a secret medicine, but the "Favorite Prescription" of a regularly educated physician of large experience in the cure of woman's peculiar ailments, who frankly and confidingly takes his patients into his full confidence by telling them just what his "Prescription" is composed of. Of no other medicine put up for woman's special maladies and sold through druggists, can it be said that the maker is not afraid to deal thus frankly, openly and honorably, by letting every patient using the same know exactly what she is taking.

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The Big Store. SMETHPORT, PA.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 24, 1907.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Basket ball to-night.

—A bug has been discovered in Chicago that eats through lead pipe.

—It is expected that the Tuna glass works at Bradford will resume operations on Saturday, arrangements being made to have the Commercial Gas Co. supply gas for this industry.

—It is quite probable that Erie will drop from the Interstate baseball league and enter the Ohio and Pennsylvania league. In such event it is expected that Warren will take the Erie franchise.

—"Quincy Adams Sawyer," the beautiful down East drama, will be presented at the Lyceum next Thursday evening, Jan. 31st. This is one of the best attractions ever booked at the Lyceum, and as the company is a first class one a large audience should be on hand.

—"Turning the broncho" is a leading pastime at Port Allegany. A resident of that place has offered $5 as a prize to anyone who will ride his bucking broncho. Last week a young fellow made the attempt and the only consolation he got was a bath in Port's muddy Main street.

—An authority on literature says that on an average there are three really great books for each century. He does not give the names of those that are great now and thereby leaves a chance for an argument. The greatest books of this century, however, are the pocket-book, the bank book and the grocery book.

—Old timers, commenting upon the present remarkably mild weather, recall that New Year's day of 1863 was probably the coldest in the past half century, although, like this winter, there was very little snow before January 1. The blizzard arrived in its greatest severity about daybreak and lasted almost 15 hours. The Allegheny river was frozen clear across in one day, as were springs that were never before frozen and have never been frozen since. Thermometers were an unknown quantity in this state and there was no official or scientific record kept, but vegetables and apples that were carried for even a short distance out of doors on that day were frozen as solid as bullets. —Oil City Derrick.

An Abrupt Finale.

Joaquin Miller had just won recognition as the poet of the Sierras and was working on a paper in Oregon. He had been contributing verses and short stories and had just begun a tale about the soldiers on the frontier who suffered with scurvy. The editor wanted the scurvy story for the morning publication, but Joaquin Miller could not concentrate upon his work. His mind leaped to the anticipated joy of a great social function occurring that evening; for at this time he was a social lion. However, he had proceeded in his story up to the point of the conditional cure for the disease where all the soldiers suffering with scurvy had been buried with only their heads exposed to view. The editor was yelling "Copy!" The poet's mind refused to work. He could not finish the tale, leaving his soldiers in such a plight. Suddenly an inspiration came to him. He grabbed his pencil and wrote rapidly the following words:

"And a she wolf came along and ate off all their heads." Then he made a bee line for the door and was not seen again until the next day. His story was not published.

A Cause of Divorce.

"What is the most frequent cause of divorce?" the lawyer was asked.

"It is nearly incredible," he said "but a thing that causes divorce often er than you'd imagine is married people's quarreling over their right to open one another's letters. The husband will claim that he is entitled to open the wife's mail. The wife will claim that she is entitled to open the husband's. In the letters of neither will there be anything of a private or compromising nature, but nevertheless they both want to get their mail inviolate—it enrages them to have it opened and read. Quarrels over this letter opening question vex, I suppose, 90 per cent of married couples. Of this 90 per cent a distressingly large proportion go on from bad to worse till they wind up in the divorce court. So, young man, when you come to marry, leave your wife's mail alone, no matter how she may pry into yours."—New York Press.

Making It Clear.

He—Will you marry me? She—No; I'm not a clergyman. He—Well, will you permit a clergyman to marry us? She—Yes; you to somebody else, and me to—well, somebody else.—London Tit-Bits.

Your money refunded if after using three-fourths of a tube of ManZan you are dissatisfied. Return the balance of the tube to your druggist and your money will be cheerfully returned. Take advantage of this offer. For sale by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport; C. A. Anderson, Colegrove, Pa.

Dandy's Wardrobe, 1714.

The burglary of a dandy's wardrobe meant a serious loss when it comprised, as in John Oshea's case in 1714, "a scarlet cloth suit laced with broad gold lace, lined and faced with blue; a blue cinnamon cloth suit, with plate buttons, the waistcoat fringed with a silk fringe of the same color, and a rich yellow flowered satin morning gown lined with a cherry colored satin, with a pocket on the right side." There is something a little more manly perhaps in the dress of the gallant of 1600, pictured in one of Rowland's epigrams:

Behold a most accomplished cavalier,
That the world's ape of fashions doth appear,
Walking the streets his humors to disclose
In the French doublet and the German hose,
The muffes, cloake, Spanish hat, Toledo blade,
Italian ruffe, a shoe right Flemish made.

There seems to have been no foolish prejudice against foreign made goods in 1600.—London Chronicle.

The Betel Nut.

Chewing the betel nut in Siam, being a common habit, at every little distance as you go through the bazaar of Bangkok may be seen petty merchants busy making and selling the preparation so universally masticated. The leaves in which the prepared mixture is wrapped are from a vine known as the chavica betel. The nut is from the areca betel palm, which reaches a height of about sixty feet, whose branches bear several large bunches of nuts which harden and reddan as they ripen and which resemble somewhat the bunches of fruit on the date bearing palm. The dealers cut up their green leaves into the proper triangular form, crack the nuts and with wooden spatulas work the tumeric stained juice into a paste. It is amusing to see how skillfully they form the pieces of green leaf into pointed, cone shaped cups, into each one of which they place a portion of the ingredients.

Turks and Meerschaum.

According to the best authorities upon the subject, the idea of using white tale in the manufacture of pipes is of comparatively recent date compared with the age of the habit of smoking, and what is still more curious is the fact that in the oriental countries which produce white tale, or meerschaum, as it is called, and where the use of tobacco forms part of the education of the faithful the people never dream of making this substance into pipes. They make bowls and goblets of it, but no pipes. It may be that the long pipestems which allow the smoke to cool and lose its acridity before reaching the mouth leave the oriental smoker quite indifferent in regard to the quality of the bowl. At all events, one never sees a Turk with a meerschaum pipe.

Enormous Lifting Power.

The shelless limpet pulls 1,084 times its own weight when in the air and about double when measured in the water. Fleas pull 1,493 times their own dead weight. The Mediterranean cockle, Venus verrucosa, can exert a pulling power equal to 2,071 times the weight of its own body. So great is the power possessed by the oyster that to open it a force equal to 1,319.5 times the weight of its shelless body is required. If the human being possessed strength as great in proportion as that of these shellfish the average man would be able to lift the enormous weight of 2,976,000 pounds, pulling in the same degree as the limpet. And if the man pulled in the same proportionate degree as the cockle he would sustain a weight of no less than 3,106,500 pounds.

Two Poor Ones.

During one of Edwin Forrest's engagements in Boston a poor artist called several times to see the great actor at the old Winthrop House. Each time he brought a picture which he had painted. He finally left it with a note stating that he was in needy circumstances. Forrest read the note and took the wrapping from the picture. It proved to be a painting of himself as Spartacus. Forrest gazed upon it a moment and then ejaculated to the clerk: "Give him $10. If he is as poor as his picture, he must be on the point of starvation."

One Way of Saying No.

Beerbohm Tree was once endeavoring to get a well known actor back into his company. Tree received the man in his dressing room as he was making up. "How much would you want to come back to me?" inquired Mr. Tree, busy with his paint pots. The other named an exorbitant salary, to which Tree merely retorted as he went on making up, "Don't slam the door when you go out, will you?"

Two Thoughts.

"I want a business suit now," said Sloppy. "I was thinking of something in the way of a small plaid."

"And I," replied the tailor, "can't help thinking of something in the way of a small check." — Philadelphia Ledger.

You can't get even with a physician by returning his calls.

When you ask for the

BEST COUGH CURE

and do not get

Kemp's Balsam

You are not getting the best and will be disappointed. KEMP'S BALSAM costs no more than any other cough remedy, and you are entitled to the best when you ask for it.

Kemp's Balsam will stop any cough that can be stopped by any medicine, and cure coughs that cannot be cured by any other medicine.

It is always the Best Cough Cure.

At all druggists, 25c., 50c. and $1.

Don't accept anything else.

Quick Wit Saved His Life.

"The strangest and most thrilling piece of sweat meat ship I ever saw," said the fencing master, "was in Vermont. I was spending the autumn in a mountainous part of the state, and there was a military encampment near my hotel. One morning an officer's horse started to bolt with him during parade and made at breakneck speed toward a precipice. The officer tried to stop the horse, tried to turn his head—no use. On the fearful animal sped for the edge. We all held our breaths. In another instant we expected to see horse and rider go over the cliff. But the officer, when within fifty feet of the edge, drew his sword and plunged it twice deep into the horse. The horse staggered, slowed, keeled over, dying. The man had sacrificed the animal's life to save his own."

Ages in the Animal Kingdom.

A great variance as to length of life appears among different animals. Some insects live for only a few hours, while fish, elephants and turtles are frequently centenarians. The average life of the mosquito is three days. Toads usually live to the age of about fifteen years, while carp have been known to reach 150. Chickens live from twelve to fifteen years, dogs to the age of ten and occasionally fifteen and parrots to extreme age. These birds have been known to pass the age of 200 years. Turtles are also frequently centenarians, as are storks and elephants are said to reach the age of 300 years. Whales have been known to live for 400 years.

Postage Stamps.

The largest postage stamp ever issued was a five cent stamp of the United States intended for newspaper postage. It was 4 by 2 inches in size. The smallest postage stamp, on the other hand, was a twenty-five pfennig stamp of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, issued in 1856. It was one-fourth the size of an ordinary postage stamp. Incidentally it has been calculated that about 13,000 different kinds of postage stamps have been issued by the various countries of the earth.

Fate.

A strange comedy and tragedy was woven into the lives of Ibsen and Bjornson. As young men they were great friends; then politics flung them apart; they quarreled and never met for years and years. Strange fate brought the children of these two great writers together, and Bjornson's daughter married Ibsen's only child. The fathers met after a quarter of a century of separation at the wedding of their children.

Age and Years.

The man of forty must not think himself old. He is only beginning really to live. A man's usefulness is gone only when he ceases to grow. Age is not a matter of increasing years so much as of waning enthusiasm.—Milwaukee Journal.

Measures.

Teacher—Now, you have all studied about liquid measure, and I think you know it. Johnny, you may now tell me what measure treats of inches, feet and yards. Johnny—Tape measure, teacher.

The Lobsters.

"Well," said the first lobster in a bored tone, "what are you going to do now?"

"Get dressed for dinner," the second lobster answered, yawning.

A present joy is worth a thousand past sorrows or future tips.—State Journal.

Wasted Advice.

A beauty adviser says, "For tender eyes make an infusion of"— Oh, bosh! Every girl knows how to make tender eyes without advice from any specialists.—Minneapolis Tribune.

The Signal.

Tommy—Does your pa hit your foot under the table when you've had enough? Tommy—No; that's when I haven't had enough. When I have she sends for the doctor.—Harper's Bazar.

We know accurately when we know little. With knowledge doubt increases. —Goethe.

Tonics.

Willie—Pa, what's a tonic? Pa—It's something you take to brace you up. Willie—Well, what's tentonic—something to brace you too much?

All cough syrups containing opiates constipate the bowels. Bee's Laxative Honey and Tar moves the bowels and contains no opiates.

IF YOU WANT ANYTHING IN

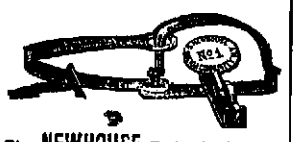
PHOTOGRAPHY

Go to GLEASON'S

Everything the latest and up-to-date. The most complete line of picture moulding ever shown in town. 100 varieties to select from. Call and see them.

"IKE" GLEASON, The Photographer
Smethport, Pa.

ONEIDA COMMUNITY TRAPS



The NEWHOUSE TRAP is the best in the world. It is a perfect machine. Hand-fitted! Thoroughly inspected and tested!

The VICTOR TRAP is the only reliable low-priced trap. Don't buy cheap imitations. Be sure the Trap Pan reads as follows:

ASK ANY TRAPPER

THE TRAPPER'S GUIDE

Send 25 cents for the Newhouse TRAPPERS' GUIDE. Tells best method of trapping and skinning game. Send to Dept. A, Oneida Community, Ltd., Oneida, N. Y.

HUNTER-TRADER-TRAPPER

The only MAGAZINE devoted to the interests of the trapper. Send 10 cents for copy.

A. R. HARDING PUB. CO., Columbus, Ohio

L. K. Hogarth

Has newly decorated and rearranged his drug store and is proud to invite all his old friends and customers and new ones, too, into as handsome and thoroughly equipped a pharmacy as there is to be found in Pennsylvania.

For the holidays he has exclusive and superior lines of

CUT GLASS, PERFUMERY,
HAND PAINTED CHINA,
STATIONERY
HOLIDAY SEALS and BELLS
LEATHER GOODS,
TOILET ARTICLES,
BRUSHES, RUBBER GOODS,
Also FINE CANDIES.

L. K. Hogarth,

Leading Druggist.

Opp. Court House, SMETHPORT.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

When you buy WELSBACH burners and mantles you know you are getting the very best quality made at most reasonable prices. Try some of them and they are sure to prove satisfactory.

EDGAR W. STRONG,

BOTH 'PHONES. RUBIN BLOCK. Smethport.

New Fall and Winter Styles in Shoes. Gold Seal and Goodyear Rubbers.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS.
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS, BOOTS and SHOES,

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

Brasted's

Line of Holiday Candies

Fruits, Nuts, etc., are best.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS: $1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable quarterly. Our own position and no deviation from that rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 17, 1907

THAT Jamaica affair is causing a lot talk, if nothing else develops.

MR. TILLMAN should at least refrain from referring to individuals to illustrate his negrophobia. A few days ago he selected the President's sons to demonstrate his case and the other day he instanced Senator Spooner's daughter. This is a species of allusion which, under the circumstances, is brutal and offensive in the extreme.

THE terrific gale of Saturday and Sunday did much damage throughout the country. In Buffalo the property loss is estimated at $1,500,000. Five lake liners were torn from their moorings and driven aground, docks and wharves were wrecked and smokestacks and buildings of light construction were blown down like paper boxes.

THE Governor of Jamaica is a queer old guy. After Admiral Davis of the U. S. Navy was lending help to the stricken city of Kingston, which was visited by so disastrous an earthquake last week, the Governor ordered the admiral and his men to leave the country. The only objection made was that the naval men landed with arms. The feeling in London over the affair is, "so sorry, don't you know."

OUR members of the legislature were treated pr tty well in the way of being placed on committees at this session. Mr. Hallgood is chairman of the committee on Printing and is also on five other standing committees, namely: Compare Bills, Judiciary General, Military, Labor and Industry, Public Health and Sanitation. Mr. McKean is on five standing committees as follows: Agriculture, Fish and Game, Forestry, Judicial Apportionment, Mines and Mining.

THE members of the House at Harrisburg, exclusive of Philadelphia and Allegheny counties, organized Tuesday with 111 members. The object of the organization is to meet weekly and discuss legislation affecting the State in general. The following are the officers: President, Mr. North of Jefferson; first vice president, Mr. Oster of Bedford; second vice president, Mr. Miner of Luzerne; third vice president, Mr. Minehart of Franklin; secretary, Mr. Habgood of McKean; assistant secretary, Mr. Simpson of Huntingdon; treasurer, Mr. Fair of Westmoreland.

IN discussing an army problem last week in the Senate the question developed as to the right name of the war between North and South which was waged from 1861 to 1865. The term "civil war" was strongly objected to; "the war of secession," suggested by one Senator was not acceptable. The majority seemed to favor the word "rebellion." And that conclusion was correct. It was a rebellion sure enough and one that will never be forgotten. And every southern man who took up arms in the lost cause, was proud of the title "rebel." Survivors of that movement are equally pleased to be recognized as ex-rebels.—Bradford Era.

A PASSENGER train on the Big Four railroad was blown up and wrecked about five miles west of Terre Haute, Ind., Saturday night. The explosion occurred as the passenger train passed a freight and one of the cars containing powder let go. Twenty-two persons were cremated and thirty-five were injured, some of which will die. The cause of the disaster has not been fully explained but several theories have been advanced. The result was terrible. The shock was felt for thirty miles, many believing that it was an earthquake. The entire train, including the locomotive, was blown from the track, the coaches were demolished, the engine was hurled 50 feet and the passengers were either blown to pieces, consumed by fire or rescued in an injured condition.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 19, 1907.

Advocates of tariff revision are intensely pleased over the way that revision talk has been revived by the speech of Secretary Root before the Foreign Trade Convention. All the agreements of the House and Senate leaders that this subject should not be brought up at the present session have gone for naught in face of the manifest interest in the matter all over the country. To be sure a minimum and maximum tariff law does not mean necessarily revision and if the stand pat element has its way, it will not even mean the lowering of the tariff wall. Still, there is a chance that some concessions might be made and in this view of the case there is much interest in all quarters.

There are two propositions advanced in connection with maximum and minimum tariff. That of the stand pat element is to allow the present law to remain in force and grant the President permission to increase the existing duties 25% where it is shown that American exports are being discriminated against in any country and to impose a 25% duty where such is desired even in the case of articles now on the free list.

The proposal of the revisionists on the other hand is that the present tariff should remain the maximum rate, and in case it was wished to make a concession to a friendly country the President should be allowed to scale down the existing duties 20%. This would be something like revision, but there is such a wide breach between the two factions that it is very doubtful whether anything in the way of a satisfactory compromise measure can be agreed on at the present session.

Congress has come to the front with just the promptitude that ought to be expected in forwarding relief to the Kingston earthquake sufferers. The President has issued no proclamation on the subject, but the House and Senate rushed through a joint resolution providing for the forwarding of the steamship Cletic with supplies almost as soon as the proposal was made. There was some little discussion in the House over the technical form of the resolution, but in the Senate it was put through absolutely without debate. The American Red Cross has appropriated $5000 for the relief of the sufferers, and this is being rushed to Jamaica by the first steamer. All reports of the disaster agree that it is actually greater in loss of life than that at San Francisco, and the suffering of the inhabitants is the more acute seeing that they are so isolated from sources of relief. The first supplies which reach them will naturally be most welcome, and this country is in a position to give them prompter aid than any other nation. It is a satisfaction to feel that this aid is being given so quickly and generously as should be the case even to an enemy in distress, but how much more to a related and friendly people.

Seeing that the Senate was not confined to pulling chestnuts out of the fire for the House the members got hurriedly together this week and passed an increased salary bill for themselves. It was rather a funny situation. The members had most of them wanted the increase bad enough, but had voted against the proposal when the legislative and judicial appropriation bill was passed. All of them got on record against the salary raise on an "Aye and No" vote. It was hoped that the Senate would insert a provision for increased salaries when the bill was passed by that body, and if this had been the case the House could have shyly acquiesced, rather under protest don't you know, at the idea of having to take the money. But the Senate was not going to force any such dire decision on them, and the bill came back with the salary increase conspicuously missing. So the House moved to nonconcur in the Senate bill and jammed the increased appropriation through without demanding a devision. The chances are that the Senate will concur when the bill goes to conference so Senators and Members will hereafter get $7500 a year and cabinet officers $12,000.

As was to be expected, the report of Engineer Stevens on the Gatun dam which is the essential feature of the lock canal scheme at Panama, was entirely favorable, and disposes of the scare stories to the effect that the dam could not be built as proposed. Mr. Stevens reported boring taken at the location of the dam showing that there is a good rock foundation over nearly the whole area. Experimental pits have also been sunk and these show even a better quality of rock than was indicated by the drill corps, so there is no reason why the dam cannot be built just as was proposed in the original plan.

The President wishes to take drastic measures against the railroads of the northwest, where it is claimed that coal cars are being held up in the face of a desperate fuel famine, affecting many communities. Mr. Roosevelt has been in conference with Chairman Knapp of the Interstate Commerce Commission and has gathered data for a special message which will soon be submitted to Congress conferring further powers upon the Interstate Commerce Commission to deal with car shortage and car congestion whenever it shall occur. Some of the reports indicate that 1600 loaded coal cars are being held up at Minneapolis pending the settlement of trivial disputes with the consignees. It is claimed that the railroads, especially the Great Northern and the Soo Line, have not lived up to their promises about doing all in their power to relieve the shortage, and the President wishes to be in a position where executive orders in an emergency of this sort can be rigorously enforced.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Administrator's Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed Administrator of the estate of Raffaele Grillo, who lately died at Lorain, Ohio, having formerly lived in Butler, Penna., and whose widow and children are now residents of McKean county. All persons having claims against and all persons being indebted to said estate, will present their claims and make payments to, the undersigned Administrator at his office in the Borough of Smethport, McKean county, Penn'a., without delay. THOMAS H. MORRISON,
Administrator.

Smethport, Pa., January 3, 1907.

Election Notice.

Notice is hereby given that an election will be held at the usual place of holding elections in the School District of the Borough of Smethport on Tuesday, Febry. 19, 1907, between the hours of 7 a. m. and 7 p. m., for the purpose of obtaining the assent of the electors of said School District to an increase of its indebtedness.

The amount of the last assessed value of the taxable vote of said District is $270,501, the amount of existing debt is $10,500.

The proposed increase of debt is $8000.00.

The percentage of the proposed increase is 6.0292.

The debt is to be increased for the purpose of enlarging the present school house or building a new one upon the lands now owned by the district or new lands to be purchased for said school district.

D. C. YOUNG,
President.

Attest:
F. D. GALLUP,
Secretary,
Smethport, Pa., January 14, 1907.

LYCEUM THEATRE
ONE NIGHT ONLY
Friday, Jan. 25, 1907.
C. E. CALLAHAN
Presents His Greatest Success
THE
NEW FOGG' FERRY.
ALL STAR CAST.
Elaborate Scenery.
A Troupe of Colored Plantation Singers and Dancers
and the
Champion Colored Clog Dancer of the Word.
HEAR THE FOGGS FERRY QUARTET
PRICES: 25, 35, 50 and 75c.
Seats on sale at Wells' Drug Store.

Rooney's is the Place
to buy a nice, sweet piece of
Fresh, Salt or Smoked
MEAT
whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for
Fruit and Vegetables
I am always headquarters.
J. F. ROONEY, Smethport, Pa.

Bradford Institute of Osteopathy
Treats all diseases and deformities. Specialties—rheumatism, asthma, liver, stomach, kidney and female troubles. Dr. McClaren is a regular graduate and one of the oldest practitioners. Will pay car fare of out of town patients. Eloskey building, Bradford, Pa.

To stop a Cold with "Preventics" is safer than to let run and cure afterwards. Taken at the "sneeze stage" Preventics will head off all colds and Grippe, and perhaps save you from Pneumonia or Bronchitis. Preventics are little toothsome candy cold cure tablets selling in 5 cent and 25 cent boxes. If you are chilly, if you begin to sneeze, try Preventics. They will surely check the cold, and please you. Sold by all dealers.

Cows for Sale.
Two extra good cows for sale at a reasonable price, considering stock and breeding. A bargain for anyone wanting gentle cattle that anyone can handle. For particulars inquire of
FRANK W. BACKUS,
605 E. Main St.
Smethport, Pa.

For Sale.
Good building lot opposite depot at Larabee. For further information inquire of H. W. RUBIN,
Smethport, Pa.

A suit case or a traveling bag makes an excellent gift at any time. My line is complete and the best.
CHARLES LEMMLER.

For suit cases and traveling bags, the best at reasonable prices, go to
CHARLES LEMMLER.

All fall and winter goods sold for cost for the next thirty days at D. C. Young's store.

Piles get quick relief from Dr. Shoop's Magic Ointment. Remember it's made alone for Piles—and satisfaction. Itching, painful, protruding, or blind piles disappear like magic by its use. Try it and see! All dealers.

Before buying a suit case or traveling bag call and look over my stock.
CHARLES LEMMLER.

"Pinoules" (non alcoholic) made from rosin from our pine forests used for hundreds of years for bladder and kidney diseases. Medicine for thirty days $1. Guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded. Get our guarantee coupon from Palace Pharmacy, Smethport; C. A. Anderson, Colegrove, Pa.

Fine Fall Millinery.
For all the latest creations in fall and winter millinery you should see my stock. The very finest materials and best style is used in all my headgear.
CARRIE REILLY CLARK.

Dade's Little Liver Pills thoroughly clean the system, good for lazy livers, makes clear complexions, bright eyes and happy thoughts. For sale by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport; C. A. Anderson, Colegrove, Pa.

Pine Salve Carbolized, acts like a poultice; highly antiseptic, extensively used for eczema, for chapped hands and lips, cuts, burns. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport; C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

For Sale or Rent.
Mrs. Mary Brandt offers her house on King street for sale or rent. For further particulars inquire of
E. L. KEENAN.

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THE NEWEST AND MOST UP-TO-DATE IN PHOTOGRAPHY.
Am now located in my new building on East Main where I will be pleased to serve you in anything in the photography line. My work is of the best and I guarantee satisfaction. Also keep on hand an extensive line of picture frames and moulding.
Curt Witherow
SMETHPORT, PENNA.
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RAILROAD WATCHES
We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.
KERR
Main St. - Smethport

Wanted!
10,000 lbs. Rags at 1c per lb.
ALSO—Old Rubbers, Old Copper Boilers, Old Iron, Lead, Zinc, Old Rope and Bones for the highest cash prices.
Also wanted Hides and Furs of all kinds at the well known junk dealer's, I. Odesser, East Smethport. Second hand furniture bought and sold. Bargains in
TINWARE GLASSWARE CROCKERY.
Save your rugs. My agent, Murray Petteys, or myself will call.
Patronize Home Trade
I. ODESSER,
East Smethport - Penn'a.

Sarle's
MAIN STREET
BRADFORD, PA.
JEWELER OPTICIAN
Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.
Over Hamilton's Shoe Store.
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PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists

PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES CAN BE FOUND AT
McCoy's Drug Store
Next to Postoffice.
OUR MOTTO:
A Square Deal or No Deal.

BIG REDUCTIONS
IN
Men's and Boys' Suits
AND
Overcoats.
H. W. RUBIN, SMETHPORT, PENNA.
The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

10 & 15c. Ladies Home Journal Patterns 10 & 15c
THE MONTHLY STYLE BOOK FREE,
January Clearance Sale
In this I offer all broken lines and odd lots, remaining from my fall and winter business, at cost. All goods sold for cash.
D. C. YOUNG
SMETHPORT, PA.
January 1, 1907.

Everything New, Stylish Up-to-Date in Merchant Tailoring,
G. W. SHILLENN
THE LEADING TAILOR.

COFFEE
Gilt Edge, Castle and Palmer House, 35c
Emperor and Puritan 50c
Penns Cafe, Sensation and Canister, 30c
Black Coffee 10, 20, 22, & 35 cents
We Can Please You. Give Us a Trial.
A. E. FOSTER & CO

IF YOU WANT THE BEST
DRUGS AND MEDICINES
WE CAN SUPPLY THEM
PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY AND ACCURATELY COMPOUNDED
MANY NEW NOVELTIES, Etc.
H. C. WELLS.

The Lindholm Co.

Smethport, Pa

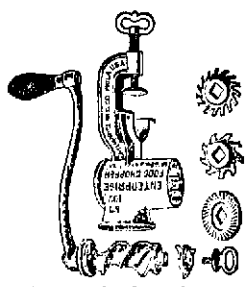
OUR CLEARANCE SALE OF SEPARATE SKIRTS.

Starting Friday, Jan. 18, will be the talk of the country, closing out 68 of the popular Dutchess and Korrect Skirts at a saving to you of about one-half. These are blacks and colors, all excellent styles and are bargains.

When we say bargains we mean all we say. With us a bargain price is a price regardless of cost to clear the racks before inventory. Call and see them. If they suit you buy. If you do not think them bargains leave them.

$5.50, $5.75, $5.98 Skirts at $3.50.
$6.50 Skirts at $3.75. $7, $7.50 Skirts at $4.00.
$8.00, $8.50, $9.00 Skirts at $5.00.
$9.50 Skirts at $6.50.

These prices good until they are sold out, but they won't last long.



THEY WON'T CHOP WOOD

But a Universal Food Chopper will chop raw meat, cooked meat, vegetables of all kinds, fruits, crackers, bread, cheese, nuts, figs and other foods and

THEY WILL CHOP

them all rapidly, easily, coarse or fine, in uniform pieces, without squeezing, tearing or grinding, better than with chopping bowl and knife. Every family should own one.

SMALL FAMILY SIZE, 90c.

H. H. REDFIELD

Hamilton Block Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 24, 1907

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—It blew some Sunday.

—Good ice making weather.

—Did someone say there was to be no winter?

—Harry Wiltse and family have moved to Port Allegany.

—Mrs. T. H. Morrison entertained the bridge club yesterday afternoon.

—Frozen water pipes were much the fashion yesterday and this morning.

—The Grub Club were very pleasantly entertained by the Misses Ellingsfeld Wednesday evening.

—I. Odesser, the East Smethport junk man, wants 12,000 pounds of old rags. See ad in another column.

—Miss May Choate is entertaining with a thimble party this afternoon in honor of Mrs. C. C. Choate.

—Several of the Smethport teachers attended the local institute at Port Allegany last Friday and Saturday.

—Charles McVean, the ever genial express and drayman, is confined to his home on King street with pneumonia.

—Fred Plympton, a vagrant, was brought over from Bradford Monday to pass a 90-day sentence in the county jail.

—Eugene Storey of Bradford was held for his appearance at court by Alderman Tadder, Tuesday on the charge of larceny.

—For the benefit of those desiring an oil or gas lease the MINER has added to its already large supply of blanks a new and improved form.

—The Bradford High School and the Smethport High School basket ball team will contest for supremacy at the Lyceum to-night. A good game may be expected.

—Mr. Harry H. Shaw and Miss Jean Benson, both of Straights, were married at the M. E. parsonage Monday morning, the Rev. W. A. Harris performing the ceremony.

—Rev. T. D. Ware, pastor, will preach next Sunday at the Baptist church, in the morning at 10:45 and in the evening at 7:30. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m., Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. and Sunday school at 12 m.

—The Lindholm Co. is to have a large January clearance sale beginning Saturday, Jan. 26, and ending Saturday, Feb. 2. During this sale a gentleman may buy any pair of Packard shoes, one dollar off, by presenting the coupon which is on their large posters.

—Mr. Frank Enright and Miss Jocella Fitzgerald, of Bradford, were married at St. Bernard's church, Bradford, Wednesday morning.

—A lady may purchase any pair of shoes, one dollar off, at the Lindholm Co.'s great clearance sale, by presenting the coupon on the large posters.

—Thermometers in this borough registered from 18 to 23 degrees below zero Tuesday morning. This morning at 8 o'clock it was 30 degrees below.

—When winter weather prevails, as it does now, it is welcome news to hear of an overcoat sale, such as Monheimer announces in his ad on this page.

—It is said there will be five candidates for the office of county treasurer from Bradford, one from Kane, one from Smethport and one from the eastern end of the county.

—The Bradford Era entered upon its 30th year last Monday. The Era is one of the best dailies in this section and deserves all the good things that can be said of it. Success to it.

—Providing the sleighing lasts Smethport will be well represented at the dance given by the ladies aid society of the Catholic church of Colegrove at Crosby to-morrow night.

—A man died in Olean this week from exposure and hunger. He was supposed to have been Lon Cowing of Lakewood, N. Y., a paper hanger who was seeking employment.

—Franklin Green Churchill of Lansing, Mich., father of F. A. Churchill, editor of the Bradford Record, died Tuesday. He was a former newspaper man and was aged 74 years.

—Harry L. Backus, editor of this paper, has been appointed secretary to the Judiciary General Committee and his duties will keep him in Harrisburg during the session of the legislature.

—Digesto coffee is being advertised to-day by J. Colegrove. The merits of this coffee are being shown by a demonstrator at his store and the public is invited to call and have a cup of hot Digesto.

—Farmers institutes will be held in this county this year as follows: Coryville, Feb. 14 and 15; Crosby, Feb. 16 and 17; Kane, Feb. 18 and 19. A number of instructors and lecturers will be present at these meetings.

—Mrs. Harris' Sunday school class will give an advertisement social in the chapel of the Methodist church Friday evening. An interesting program and entertainment will be given and refreshments served. Adults 25cts, children 10cts. Everybody invited.

—An effort is being made to have Booker T. Washington come to Bradford and deliver a lecture. The promoter of the enterprise says he would like to bring about a debate between Mr. Washington and Senator Ben Tillman. If Tillman could be prevailed upon by hypnotism or other means, to debate with a black man, it would be necessary to have the state militia out to keep the men apart, says the Bradford Star.

—Wm. Dolan died at the County Home yesterday, aged 51 years. The funeral services were held to-day, Rev. J. F. Dugan officiating. Mr. Dolan was a former resident of Mt. Jewett and had been an inmate of the county home since last June.

—At St. Luke's church on Sunday, Jan. 27th, the services will be at 8 and 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. At All Saints' chapel, East Smethport, the rector will officiate at 2:30 p. m. Service on Saturday, Feb'y. 2nd, (F. Purif. B. V. M.) at 10:30 a. m.

—During the heavy wind storm of Saturday night and Sunday the billboard on West Main street "went the way the wind." A majority of the horse stables at the county fair grounds were lowered during this storm and a number of shade trees about town were also broken.

—August Kohle has the contract for to put on an extension to the reservoir of the Smethport Water company. He will start the work early in the spring. His employers can be assured the work will be well done.—Potter Journal. This is another case of going out of town to get the news.

—If the ice crop should fail this winter there will be an ice problem to meet in many towns of the country—but not in Bradford. Here, if present plans work out according to prospects, there will be plenty of ice. It will be artificial ice, made by the most approved methods and be pure.—Era.

—Fred Smith and John O'Donovan, tramps, were arrested by Constable E. W. Jones last Saturday, at the instigation of several Main street housewives. They were given a hearing before Justice B. L. Knapp and placed in jail to await the action of the grand jury at the next term of criminal court.

—Invitations have been received in this place for the wedding of Mr. Scott Forrest Redfield of Smethport and Miss Caroline Larned of Syracuse. The ceremony is to take place at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Johnson Larned, No. 304 McBride street, Syracuse, N. Y., on Feb. 6, 1907, at 8 p. m.

—Two games of basket ball were played at the Lyceum last Friday evening. The High School team won from the Junior Class team by a score of 18 to 17, and the First Midgets won from the Second Midgets by a score of 15 to 11. Both were fast and exciting games and showed conclusively that the boys are learning the game fast.

—Bradford suffered severely from the wind storm of Sunday. Besides much damage to telegraph and telephone lines being done, the addition to the grandstand at the driving park was turned over, a plate glass window in the office of Attorney W. J. Milliken was wrecked, a plate glass window in the Griffin hardware store on Main street was broken and much other damage done throughout the city.

—There will be a meeting of the men of Smethport in the lecture room of the Baptist church this evening at 8 o'clock to consider the propriety of organizing a men's club. The purpose of this club is to discuss some of the live problems of the day, both in the realm of philosophy, science, religion, politics or finance. Considerable interest has already been shown in this matter by many of the leading men of the town so that a good time is anticipated.

—At the closing session of the McKean County School Directors' Association at the court house last Thursday morning the subject of school finance was discussed by R. B. Stone, Esq., of Bradford. He stated that the levy for school and building purposes in this county was eighteen mills while in some of the richer counties it was only four mills and he urged that the state appropriation be more equally divided. The following officers were also elected: President, F. D. Gallup, Smethport; vice presidents, D. M. Cooper, Keating township, D. C. Young, Smethport; secretary, W. F. Specht, Smethport, and treasurer, Dr. John Clark, Smethport.

Personal Mention.

O. Herzog is in Jamestown visiting friends.

Mrs. W. S. Palmer is visiting friends in Tidioute.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Colegrove spent Sunday in Olean.

Miss Donna Lyman is visiting in Shingle House.

Miss Nellie Masser was a Bradford visitor Monday.

B. T. Garlick was in Olean on business on Monday.

Miss Ruth Holmes was a visitor in Bradford this week.

Editor Tom McClellan of Mt. Jewett was in town Tuesday.

Mrs. N. C. Jeuliffe of Olean is a guest of Mrs. T. H. Pancoast.

Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Fry returned last Friday from Jamestown.

J. C. Backus was in Canada on business the first of the week.

Miss Edna Neil of Bradford was a visitor in town yesterday.

Jacob Hafner was down from Clermont on business Tuesday.

Miss Mayme O'Connell has returned from a visit to friends in Kane.

Mr. and Mrs. C. T. McKee of Bradford are visitors in town to-day.

Mrs. O. H. Barker returned Saturday from a week's visit at Bradford.

Miss Sylvia Lawrence was in Olean over Sunday, the guest of friends.

Miss Gertrude Wendell visited her parents in Hazelhurst over Sunday.

Dr. W. A. Steinwedel of Baltimore, visited friends in town over Sunday.

Robt. W. Hilton returned Friday from a business trip to New York City.

Ed. Coleman of Newark, N. Y., was the guest of friends in town over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Walker were guests of friends in Bradford over Sunday.

Miss Mayme O'Connell was the guest of Mrs. Otto Wetrick in Kane over Sunday.

Mrs. H. F. Grabe of Bradford is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Hafner.

Miss Pearl Green of Olean was a guest at the home of F. A. Green over Sunday.

C. W. Catlin and John Walters of Port Allegany had business in town Monday.

Wm. Dunn of Salamanca and Michael Flaherty of Jamestown were in town this week.

Mrs. N. Keefer and daughter, Miss Carrie Wilkenson, are visiting in Clarksburg, W. Va.

Hon. James A. McKean and Harry L. Backus returned to their duties at Harrisburg Monday.

Mrs. C. H. Curtis and Miss Nettie Duntley are visiting their sister, Mrs. C. Hartmayer, in Buffalo.

Robert Blake returned to Tidioute Saturday, after passing a few days with Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Backus.

Mrs. L. K. Carter and Roy Carter of Friendship, N. Y., are spending a days at the home of C. H. Gleason.

Mr. and Mrs. James White and child left Saturday for Brooklyn where they will make their future home.

Hon. Lucius Rogers of Kane and H. S. Rogers, Esq., of Mt. Jewett were pleasant callers at this office Monday.

F. G. Lindholm of Clearfield and W. A. Leonardson of Kane were in town Monday. They are members of The Lindholm Company of this place.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. O'Reilly are visiting relatives in town this week. They were in attendance at the funeral of Mrs. Fitzsimmons at Sartwell last Friday.

Thos. H. Wilson of Catasauqua, Pa., and Oliver J. Murthaugh of the U. S. Marine Corps, Bos Obispo, Panama, are visiting their sister, Mrs. A. G. McAllister, of Colegrove.

LYCEUM THEATRE

ONE NIGHT ONLY

Thursday, January 31

The Best New England Play Written.

Quincy

"As pure as a flower, as rich as field of golden grain, and as true to nature as a holly hock on a country road side."—Phila Press.

Adams

"Sweet as the corn which is husked so realistically and pure as New England air itself."—Portland Press.

Sawyer.

NO Ruined Daughter
Cast Off Wife
Mortgage on Farm
Villain
Drunk or Tramp

The Play Has a Sweet Charm That is Indescribably Effective.

PRICES:

25, 35, 50, 75, $1.

Reserved seats will be on sale at Wells drug store Monday, Jan. 28th.

WM. MONHEIMER'S Get One!!!

You save from $5 to $7.50 if you

Get an Overcoat Now

The mild winter left us with more overcoats on our hands than we care to have. Therefore we start to-day and lop

MORE THAN 33 1-3 PER CENT OFF

from our former low price. There won't be any to choose from if you delay buying now, for at these low prices they will go quickly. Therefore, we repeat, get an overcoat to-day—the first comers get the best.

$8.50 to 9.00 O'coats cut to 4.50 and $5.50.
$10.00 to 12.50 O'Coats cut to $7 and $8.
$13.50 to 16.50 O'Coats cut to $9.50
$18 to $20.00 O'coats cut to $12.00.

At WM. MONHEIMER'S.

MONARCH SHIRTS $1, $1.50 & $2

McCALL PATTERNS 10c and 15c

FRY & COMES.

January Clearance Sale.

This sale is a big money saver. Prices quoted are a HALF to a FOURTH LESS than they were only a few days ago on the same class of merchandise.

To supplement our regular stocks we have made purchases at wholesalers clearing sales and offer these goods fresh and new at the same reductions.

Our stock taking is only three weeks away and after that the spring goods will arrive. We must have the room the winter goods occupy, that's the reason for this sale.

The special prices continue while the goods last. Some of the lots are small and won't remain but a short time.

Better come early. It will pay you.

25 TAILOR MADE SKIRTS
Less ¼.
This season's styles and the best of materials.
Yesterday $5 to $18 50.
Now $3 35 to 12 45.

LADIES' WAISTS
Less ¼.
A good assortment of popular styles.
Yesterday $1 to $5.75.
Now 67c to $3 83.

20 FUR NECK PIECES
Half Price.
Mink, Beaver, Fox, Opossum and Bear. Styles in Boas, Collars, Four in Hands, a few muffs to match.
Yesterday $2.50 to 16.50
Now $1 25 to $8 25.

LADIES' HANDKERCHIEFS
Slightly soiled. Half price.
Yesterday 15c to $1.
Now 8c to 50c.

MEN'S BATH ROBES & SMOKING JACKETS.
Less ¼.
Yesterday 3 90 to $5 each.
Now 2 60 to 3 33.

NOTIONS!
Greatly reduced.
Pearl Buttons, yesterday 4c dz, **now 2c.**
Side Combs, yesterday 15c pr, **now 10c.**
Back Combs, yesterday 15c ea, **now 10c.**
Finishing Braid, yesterday 6c pc, **now 3c.**
Finishing Braid, yesterday 10c, pc, **now 7c.**
Basting Cotton, yesterday 5c spl, **now 3c.**

BEDDING
Less ¼.
Comforts, yesterday 1 25 to 3 75 **now 94c to 2 81.**
Blankets, yesterday 55c to 6 75, **now 44c to 5 06.**
Pillows, yesterday per pr 2 25 to 6 50, now **1 69 to 4 88.**

LACES and EMBROIDERIES.
Less ¼.
Yesterday 3c to 90c.
Now 2c to 60c per yd.

SHIRTS.
"Monarch" and "Cluett."
Less ¼.
Yesterday $1 to $2.
Now 75 to $1.50.

Many other lots too small to list equally low priced await the early birds.

FRY & COMES.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

LUMBER YARD

If you are builoing or repairing come and see our stock of Lumber, Sash, Doors, Shingles, Lime, Brick, Cement. Etc., Etc.

Holmes & Gilfillan.

BIG CLEARANCE SALE

During the month of January we will sell all winter-goods at a great reduction to close out.

You can save money by coming here.

MRS. A. E. HINMAN.

If You Want Anything Good to Eat

Come and see us. We have the best line of

GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

in town. Searchlight is our leading brand of flour. New Teas and Coffees just arrived. We are also receiving fresh Oysters from Baltimore daily. Don't send out of town for we can sell you goods for cash as cheap as anybody. Give us a chance and we will prove it.

Hagberg & Sherburne.

Drusilla's Choosing

By Constance D'Arcy Mackay

Copyright, 1900, by M. M. Cunningham

Gordon Keith and Tod Rogers were eating supper in what they called the "living room" of the shack when the stage, dust covered and lumbering, drew up in front of the door. There was a girl on the seat by the driver. She leaned forward impetuously.

"This is El Paso, Mr. Keith's ranch, isn't it?" she demanded by way of introduction. "I'm Drusilla Cameron, and I've come to surprise my brother Ned."

And before the astonished Keith could reply she had scrambled down over the wheel, while the stage driver grinned widely in delight at the situation and in admiration of the girl.

She was all in brown, from her pongee dust coat to her low shoes. Her hair was chestnut color, and so were the eyes that looked out frankly from under the rim of her smart traveling hat.

"Besides," she continued, "I knew that if I telegraphed beforehand you'd have everything all fixed up for me, and I wanted to see you just as you really are."

"You've certainly done that, Miss Cameron," laughed Keith, with a rueful glance at the helter skelter supper table and the walls, where leather saddles and skins and gayly colored magazine covers jostled for prominence. Rogers, who had sat speechless, coffee cup in hand, at her first entrance, now went to help the driver with her luggage, while Keith, rising to his duties as host, bade her welcome and hung up her hat and coat on a peg on the wall. He apologized profusely for the appearance of the supper table, the heavy china and the plated knives and forks, from which every vestige of silver was fast disappearing, but Drusilla laughed and said it was just as she hoped it would be, and, please since she was ravenously hungry, couldn't she begin right away?

And where was Ned all this time, she questioned, and when would he be in? She was dying to see him! He had told her how well and tanned he was and how good Keith and Rogers had been to him during his four months' stay. She could never thank them enough for what they had done for the boy, and—oh, there he was now!

"I WANTED TO SEE YOU JUST AS YOU REALLY ARE."

And she rushed out the doorway as a fair headed young fellow of eighteen came galloping up on his bronello.

"We'll clear out and let them have supper together," said Keith to Rogers, "and while that's going on I'll fix up my room for her, and you can ride over to Jessop's and get Mrs. Malone. I guess she'll be willing to cook for us for a couple of weeks. She isn't equal to the Waldorf-Astoria, but she can get a good plain meal."

"This sure is the most excitement we've had since Big Pete shot up Las Gorras," drawled Rogers. "I'm off!"

Later in the evening Drusilla, despite all fatigue, sat outside with Keith's banjo on her knee and sang them all the latest songs till, as Ned declared, "you could just see the lights of Broadway and hear the clack-clack of the horsons rolling by. Seems strange to think of it out here," he added half beneath his breath.

From where they were sitting they could see the Texas plains rolling away to the sky line, shadowy, immutable, full of the mystery of the night. The wind blew past them sweet with the breath of great spaces. The stars shone very large and bright and clear.

Drusilla's lips parted.

"No, this isn't very much like it," she echoed.

"Are you glad?" Keith challenged.

"I don't know—yet," she answered slowly. "It's the first time I've ever been on the plain. In fact, it's the first time that I've ever been away from the metropolis, for summer resorts full of city people don't count, do they?"

"They do not!" said Keith decidedly. For an instant their eyes met, and Drusilla was conscious of the strength of a man who seemed as immutable as the plains themselves. He was above the average height, bronzed and deep chested, and his gray eyes had the direct, searching gaze of those accustomed to looking at great distances. It the ... at followed it was Gordon Keith ... who monopolized the greater share of her time and thoughts, and I was with him she talked and trumped and rode. Oh, those rides—with the horse's feet thudding under her, her face glowing with the exhilaration and her hair loosening and streaming out like a bright pennant!

"It's wonderful, isn't it?" she said breathlessly, reining in, that she might fasten her rebellious hairpins. "Nothing between you and the sky, or," with a wave of the whip, "nothing between you and the edge of the world."

Keith turned to her.

"Then you are beginning to feel the call of it," he said quietly, "as I hoped you would. And now I can say what I've been wanting to say ever since I first met you: Will you marry me, Drusilla?"

She shook her head.

"I'm sorry," she said softly, "oh, so sorry! It would be cruel to tell you how much your friendship has meant to me—you must have guessed that already. But what you ask is impossible."

"Then you do not—care?"

"Care!" Her voice wavered on the word. "Ah, you don't know how near I've come to loving you and how I've fought it down, for I know I could give up what's calling to me from the city I've left—all the cotillions and dinners and teas of the life I love. And you once belonged to it too. You've confessed as much. Why," she made a little beseeching gesture, "why did you ever give it up?"

"Because I was sick of being a puppet in evening clothes, because I was tired to death of the shams and the tinsel and the falseness, and I wanted to get out where I could breathe them and look up to the stars and feel that I was a man. Drusilla"—

"No, no," she begged. "Don't ask me, for I couldn't, I couldn't!"

In silence they rode toward the shack. The long light of the sunset glow was across the plains. Bright clouds were piled in the west. Against the molten sky of red and gold a cowboy rider loped in picturesque silhouette.

"It's big and free and beautiful," Drusilla murmured to herself, "but it's not for me!"

A week later she went east, and her going left a great gap in the lives of the three men at El Paso. Ned perhaps missed her least of all, for he was to go home in November. Rogers openly mourned her departure.

"Don't seem natural," he complained, "not to hear her step about the house or her songs in the evening."

But Keith, who felt her going most, kept silent, carrying with him a longing that would not be satisfied.

Drusilla had given her promise to write, yet she was slow in fulfilling it. Even Ned grumbled as day after day went by and no word came from her save a telegram saying she had arrived safely and a few picture postal cards covered with hasty scribbling. Rogers made excuses for going to the mail oftener than was really necessary, and his persistency was at length rewarded, for one day he returned with three letters in Drusilla's handwriting. His was full of amusing incidents, Ned's of gossip and sisterly affection, but to Keith she wrote:

"You are right after all. I am smothered with conventionality and weary of riding my prescribed length in the park. It's all such a social circus. And it isn't the call of the plains that's drawing me. It's the call of the heart. Do you hate the metropolis too much to come here to marry me?"

* * * * * * *

"Well," observed Rogers, standing in the doorway a few minutes later and watching Keith galloping into the distance. "For sheer hustling that beats all I've ever seen. He sure deserves to catch that train."

Beards and Shaving.

Peter the Great once forbade beards throughout his dominions, but, finding how dearly the Russian loved his beard, Peter allowed him to keep it if he was a noble on payment of a tax of 100 rubles (about $51), and if he was a peasant or a priest, by paying a kopeck (half a cent) every time he passed the gate of a city. A large revenue was produced by the tax, in return for which the collectors gave a small copper coin called the "borodovaia," or "the bearded;" and every man who chose to wear a beard was obliged to produce this when he entered a town. In default he was thrown into prison. Dr. John Bulwer in his "Anthropometamorphosis, or Man Transformed," (1650), writes angrily: "Shaving the chin is justly to be accounted a note of effeminacy. What greater evidence can be given of effeminacy than to be transformed into the appearance of a woman? A shameful metamorphosis!" He declares it to be done "against the edicts of God, the oracles of the prophets, the placits of the councils and the judgment of learned men." But, in spite of these fulminations, the custom soon became universal, among soldiers as well as civilians.

Similarity.

"How do you like married life, Harker?"

"Well, I wish I had remained a bachelor. There is so much expense and so many breakdowns."

"Expense and breakdowns? Gracious, old chap, perhaps you bought an automobile license instead of a marriage license?"—Brooklyn Eagle.

Point Blank.

A traveler was startled by hearing on a lonely road one night this piteous appeal: "Will the kind gentleman please help a poor, unfortunate man? I have nothing in the world but this loaded revolver."—Harper's Weekly.

The relief of coughs and colds through laxative influence, originated with Bee's Laxative Cough Syrup containing honey and tar, a cough syrup containing no opiates or poison, which is extensively sold. Secure a bottle at once, obtain a guarantee coupon and if not fully satisfied with results, your money will be refunded. For sale by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport; C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

DALE DRESS REFORM

T IS HOPELESSLY HAMPERED BY THE STIFF WHITE SHIRT.

The Way This Garment Interferes With Both Health and Comfort. Some of the Absurdities of the Present Masculine Style of Attire.

The necessity by which men feel covered of proving to the world that they wear white shirts lies at the basis of all the difficulties of the dress problem.

Until the garment becomes extinct it is hopeless to attempt the reform of men's dress on the lines of health and comfort.

It will of course ultimately disappear, for it is but the mark of a stage in the evolution of dress, just as the vermiform appendix is a useless evolutionary remnant in the body. But the question is whether we ought to await the slow course of evolution or to use our common sense and abandon the ancient garment at once.

Why do we wear white shirts? Ages ago it was only the wealthy who could afford to clothe themselves in linen. The possession of linen underwear was then a mark of social position, and there was an obvious advantage in making public display of it.

We may put down three-fourths of the discomfort of the hot summer to the account of the starched shirt. It prevents the very process devised by nature to keep the body cool—the evaporation of sweat. In so far as it hinders this natural process in summer, the white shirt favors disease. But in winter it is a fruitful cause of illness.

In winter the mere wearing of a white shirt would no doubt leave a man no better and no worse if he were content to wear it for his own satisfaction. But the curious law of evolution comes in and compels him to wear it in such a way as to do himself physical injury.

Wherever evolution is at work it leaves vestiges—literally, footprints. Probably it is millions of years since the vermiform appendix became a useless organ, but it still survives. All evolutionary survivals appear to be harmful. The appendix is the seat of appendicitis. In the inner corner of the eye there is the remnant of a once useful third lid, which now only lodges dust and causes irritation.

The lord chancellor's wig was once a comfort in ancient draffy legislative chambers and now merely serves to make a sensible man look ridiculous and give him headaches.

People who drew up laws were long ago paid according to the number of words, but the multiplicity of words now only causes confusion. So the white shirt that was once a badge of wealth and culture, being no longer of value for that purpose, is only a cause of discomfort and disease.

It is necessary to cut a piece out of the vest and the coat, just over the most important organs of the body, in order to prove to our neighbors that we wear white shirts. Consequently in the winter time we expose the lungs and the air passages to the cold wind and the cold rain.

From the point of view of health nothing could be more stupid. Bronchitis is one of the most deadly of all diseases in this country. Bronchitis is simply inflammation of the bronchial tubes. This inflammation is excited by a chill, a chilling of that part of the body left exposed in order to show that we wear white shirts.

The white shirt, in fact, might appear in the tables of the registrar general as the cause of so many deaths, perhaps 100,000 a year.

And does it really improve a man's appearance? By virtue of the association of ideas it certainly does. Usually men who do not wear white shirts are not given to cleanliness. The man who wears a white shirt washes his face and hands and brushes his clothes; hence when we see a white front and white cuffs we experience that pleasant sensation produced by general neatness of the person and clothing. But that a few square inches of white clothing over the chest makes a man look better is an absurd conclusion.

The case for the white shirt has not a leg to stand upon. The garment is uncomfortable, unhealthy and unbecoming. And as it has lost the only useful function it ever possessed—that is, its symbolism of exceptional wealth—we ought to discard it altogether. The difficulties of this course are very great no doubt. What we want is an "antiwhite shirt society," which would agree to wear, from some prearranged date, a dress designed wholly with regard for comfort, health and beauty.—T. P. Manning in London Gossip.

Making Love Up a Tree.

Billing and cooing among the Fijians is a curious feature in their social customs. It is decidedly against the rule to do any courting within doors. The gardens or plantations are the spots held sacred to Cupid, and the generally approved trysting place of lovers is high up among the branches of a breadfruit tree. You may often walk around a plantation on a moonlight night and see couples perched forty feet from the ground in the breadfruit trees, one on each side of the trunk, a position which comes fairly within the limits of a Fijian maiden's ideas of modesty.

Lord Rosebery's Definition.

It is to Lord Rosebery that we are indebted for the most modern definition of memory. "What is memory?" said a friend one day to him. "Memory," replied his lordship, "is the feeling that steals over us when we listen to our friends' original stories."—London Bystander.

Friendship is a good deal like your credit. The less used the better it is.—Siloam Springs (Ark.) Herald and Democrat.

EMIL THAMM,
MANUFACTURER OF
Fine Cigars.
Wholesale and Retail Dealer

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $1.75 IN ADVANCE.

FISHERMEN.

There Are Two Classes, the Genuine and the Pretenders.

It has sometimes been said that fishermen cannot be manufactured. This is true to the extent that nothing can supply the lack of certain inherent, constitutional and laborn qualities or traits which are absolutely necessary to a fisherman's makeup. Of course there are many who call themselves fishermen and who insist upon their membership in the fraternity who have not in their veins a drop of legitimate fisherman blood. Their self asserted relationship is nevertheless sometimes seized upon by malicious or ignorant critics as permitting the assumption that the weaknesses and sins of these pretenders are the weaknesses and sins of genuine fishermen. But in truth these pretenders are only interlopers who have learned a little fish language, who love to fish only "when they bite," who whine at bad luck, who betray incredulity when they hear a rousing fish story and who do or leave undone many other things fatal to good and regular standing. They are like certain whites called squaw men who hang about Indian reservations and gain certain advantages in the tribes by marrying full blooded Indian women. Surely no just person would for a moment suppose that genuine Indians could be treated fairly by measuring them according to a squaw man standard. Neither can genuine fishermen be fairly treated by judging them according to the standards presented by squaw fishermen.—From "Fishing and Shooting Sketches," by Grover Cleveland.

FORCE OF WATER.

The Great Power That Is Exerted by a Six Inch Stream.

The effect of the hydraulic motor, which is now used for the purpose of removing masses of earth, well nigh passes belief. A stream of water issuing from a pipe six inches in diameter, with a fall behind it of 375 feet, will carry away a solid rock weighing a ton or more to a distance of fifty or a hundred feet. The velocity of the stream is terrific, and the column of water projected is so solid that if a crowbar or other heavy object be thrust against it the impinging object will be hurled a considerable distance. By this stream of water a man would be instantly killed if he came in contact with it even at a distance of a couple of hundred feet. At 200 feet from the nozzle a six inch stream, with a 375 foot fall, projected momentarily against the trunk of a tree will in a second denude it of the heaviest bark as cleanly as if it had been cut with an ax. Whenever such a stream is turned against a bank it cuts and burrows it in every direction, hollowing out great caves and causing tons of earth to melt and fall and be washed away in the sluices.

The Eye of a Child.

Who can explain or fathom the wondrous instinct of the child? Lying in the arms of its nurse, in its carriage or elsewhere, its large, round, wondering eyes roam over a sea of faces till suddenly its features break into a sweet smile, a baby laugh dances in its eyes, perhaps the tiny hands are extended, and the little body gives a bound as though it would throw itself through space. What has happened? It has recognized a friend, nothing more and no less. It makes no mistake. Wiser, perchance, in that moment of inexperienced helplessness than it will be years afterward, when the world and its inmates have been studied in the light of instruction and experience, its love offering is seldom if ever mistakenly presented. By what power is this child love directed? By what subtle influence does it see and know what in after years it may strive in vain to discern?

Carlyle and the Ax.

Carlyle as a schoolmaster was a terror to evildoers. Even the biggest and boldest boys wilted when he growled out "dunce" or "blockhead." He did not thrash often, as his scowl was enough to hush a whole school, but when he did thrash he meant business. One day a joiner passing along the road heard the most piteous howls and cries for mercy and help coming from the schoolhouse. Rushing in and handing his ax to Carlyle, he exclaimed:

"Just don't outright, mon, and no mince matters."

Ingratitude.

"Were you ever really glad to hang a man?"

"Only once," answered the sheriff. "I had prepared him a hearty breakfast of steak, eggs, potatoes, waffles and coffee."

"Yes?"

"And the infernal ingrate demanded stewed oats instead."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Bad Society.

What you learn from bad habits in bad society you will never forget, and it will be a lasting pang to you. I tell you in all sincerity, not as in the excitement of speech, but as I would confess and have confessed before God, I would give my right hand if I could forget that which I have learned in bad society.—John B. Gough.

Didn't Need to Tell.

"Bobbie, I hope you didn't tell your mother that you saw me kissing sister last night."

"Nope. I didn't have to. Sis waked us all up at midnight when you went home and told it herself."—Minneapolis Journal.

If you wish to remove avarice, you must remove its mother, luxury.—Cicero.

Novelty Restaurant.
New York Counts, Clams, Cigars
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

Soup as a Medicine.

"When I was a boy," said the old man, "they often made me take a little soup as a medicine. It did me good.

"Soup was prescribed in the village for cramps, for sick headache, for a half dozen complaints. The people admitted that it was a nauseous dose, but on the other hand they pointed to its efficacy.

"When I was taken down my mother would cut from the cake of yellow soap in the kitchen a chunk about as big as a chestnut.

"'Now, sonny,' she would say, 'swaller this,' and she'd hold the yellow morsel in thumb and forefinger close to my lips.

"I'd begin to whimper. The smell of it and the idea of the lather that would form in my mouth—the lather I'd have to swallow—would fill me with despair. But my mother was inexorable. With stiff lips I'd take the soap into my mouth. I'd chew the soft and slippery stuff a little and then, with a great and a dreadful gulp, I'd swallow it. Horrors!

"Horrors!" said the old man, smiling. "I can still taste those doses of soap that were so common in the village in my boyhood."

Jewish Thrift.

The Allgemeine Rundschau, Vienna in an article on the Jewish question and anti-Semitism, has this to say as to Jewish thrift: "If we could only induce our own lower class to acquire the Jew's thrift, his industry, his sense of order, his scrupulous exactitude, his religious loyalty and love for his family the Jew on his darker side would appear far less dangerous to them than is at present the case. If one Sunday by way of interesting experiment, one were to conduct an inquiry into the station, wealth and religion of visitors to the various public houses, the following result would transpire: A large number of the guests would be Christians who would do far better to save than spend their money in alcoholic refreshments, gaming and tobacco. There might be a few Jews, but at the most they would content themselves with a cup of coffee."

An Ancient Hebrew Bible.

The highest amount ever offered for a single volume was tendered by a number of wealthy Jewish merchants of Venice to Pope Julius II. for a very ancient Hebrew Bible. It was then believed to be an original copy of the Septuagint version made from the Hebrew into Greek in 277 B. C., careful copies of the Hebrew text having been prepared at that date for the use of the seventy translators. The offer to Julius was £20,000, which, considering the difference between the value of money then and now, would in our day represent the princely sum of $600,000. Julius was at that time greatly pressed for money to maintain the holy league which the pope had organized against France, but in spite of his lack of funds he declined the offer.

Weight of a Lion.

"What does a lion weigh?" Ask that question of any acquaintance and see what he will say. Those who best know the look of the king of beasts and how small his lithe body really is will probably come furthest from the truth. About 300 to 350 pounds is a usual estimate. But this is below the mark. A full grown lion will tip the scales at no less than 500 pounds. Five hundred and forty pounds is the record for an African lion. His bone is solid and heavy as ivory. The tiger runs the lion very close. A Bengal tiger killed by an English officer scaled 520 pounds. A tiger of this size has, however, considerably greater muscular strength than the biggest lion.

Millers' Best Customers.

The forty odd million sacks of flour consumed yearly in the United Kingdom are mainly eaten in the form of bread. In the houses of the rich and in the best hotels bread is sparingly eaten, but among the middle classes and in workmen's homes it forms a considerable portion of the diet. As the latter class predominate and as their families are the most numerous, it is not improbable that the children under sixteen consume about three-fifths of the total flour sold in the United Kingdom. In a commercial sense, therefore, the children are the millers' best friends.—London Milling.

Exhausting.

"They say early rising is very unhealthy."

"Of course. Many a woman has broken down her constitution getting her husband up in time for breakfast."

Rheumatism

I have found a tried and tested cure for Rheumatism! Not a remedy that will straighten the distorted limbs of chronic cripples, nor turn bony growths back to flesh again. That is impossible. But I can now surely kill the pains and pangs of this deplorable disease.

In Germany—with a Chemist in the City of Darmstadt—I found the last ingredient with which Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Remedy was made a perfected, dependable prescription. Without that last ingredient, I successfully treated many, many cases of Rheumatism; but now, at last, it unfailingly cures all curable cases of this heretofore much dreaded disease. Those sand-like granular wastes, found in Rheumatic Blood, seem to dissolve and pass away under the action of this remedy as freely as does sugar when added to pure water. And then, when dissolved, these poisonous wastes freely pass from the system, and the cause of Rheumatism is gone forever. There is now no real need—no actual excuse to suffer longer without help. We sell, and in confidence recommend

Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Remedy
(ALL DEALERS)

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date. Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience. Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

Official Directory.

STATE.

Governor—Edwin S. Stuart.
Lieut. Governor—Robt. S. Murphy
State Treasurer—Wm. H. Berry.
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Secty of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport
Member of Congress—C. F. Barclay, Shinglehouse.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—James A. McKean, Smethport; R. P. Hazzard, Bradford.
District Attorney—Geo. B. Mayo, Smethport
Sheriff—Geo. W. Mitchell, Smethport.
Prothonotary—S. E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—S. D. Weaver, Smethport.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; Jno. P. Devlin, Bradford.
Com'rs' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—Wm. Marsh, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—Oscar Engelrom, Smethport; C. W. Freeman, Smethport; W. I. Oviatt, East Smethport.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Bayle, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—E. W. Strong.
Council—James A. McKean president; Mrs. Lem Hyde, secretary; Alfred Hagberg, A. A. Abbey, J. F. Romer, James Herriman, J. C. Cunningham, G. H. Denning.
Justices—H. L. Knapp, R. C. Gleason.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; F. D. Gallup, treas.; W. F. Specht, sec'y.; John B. Eastman, C. M. Colegrove, John Clark.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—P. H. Freeman.
Auditors—A. H. Kelder, J. A. Swanson, H. E. Tull.
Judge of Election—G. H. Hyde.
Inspectors of Election—G. P. Vickery, F. H. Bungiville.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

HORACE H. REDFIELD, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

E. W. STRONG, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 473, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

S. H. CLEVELAND, Chief Patriarch.
G. B. BARBER, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 3 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.

H. L. BURLINGAME, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.

Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

W. H. MORRISON, Com.
F. B. FOSTER, R. K.

L. O.T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Tuesday afternoon.

ELIZABETH KIDDER, Com.
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.

JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.

MRS. E. A. BARTH, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
CLARA BURLINGAME Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

MRS. MARIA CARTER, W. M.
MRS. ELLA MOORHOUSE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

A. A. ABBEY, S
L. E. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 p. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 12:45 p. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—J. F. Dugan, pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a. m. one Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—T. D. Ware, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

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Section Sixteen

By CARRIE NEWMAN

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Clifton glanced down the car at the last section. Somehow it irritated him. Last night the chap who had that section had beaten him at pinochle. He might find diversion and revenge if the sleepyhead would only tumble out and recognize the fact that it was broad daylight.

The night before the car had been well filled. All through the night they had dropped off at the way stations, and Clifton thought viciously of the man in his section who had stepped on his face in climbing down from the upper berth about 3 o'clock. So far this morning he had the sleeper to himself, save for the occupant of section 16.

He finished the breakfast that had been served from the buffet and strolled down the car. Reaching through the curtains, he gave the shoulder a shake. "Wake up, old man," he shouted. "Your alarm clock's broken, I guess."

There was a muffled feminine shriek, and the porter came dashing around the corner from his tiny kitchen.

"Waffor you wake dat lady?" he demanded. "You all ain't got no right to wake a lady dataway."

"There was a man went to bed in there," exclaimed Clifton. "How was I to know that he wasn't there yet?"

"Dat gemman yo' done play cards wif las' night?" demanded the porter. "He done get off at Falls Crossin' 'bout leben. Dis hyer lady done come on boile 'bout two hours ago. She shuah am sleepy."

"Tell her I'm sorry," commanded Clifton, backing away. "I was lonesome, and I thought I'd rout that chap out. I'm awfully sorry."

He went back to his own section, and the porter, mollified by the bill slipped into his hand, made full explanation to the unseen occupant.

Clifton settled himself [illegible] in his seat and fixed his eyes on the berth. He wondered what the woman might look like. [illegible] suggested that she was young. More than that

"WAKE UP, OLD MAN," HE SHOUTED, "YOUR ALARM CLOCK'S BROKEN, I GUESS."

he could not guess, so he occupied himself in speculation as to her personality.

It at least served to occupy his thoughts, and this was something. Since the cutoff had been built most long distance travelers took the short route. But the state authorities had demanded that one through car each way be run on the old main line, and because the other sleepers were crowded Val Clifton had taken a berth in the other car. Most of the traffic was short hauls in the day coaches, and he missed having company on the first day out.

It was nearly noon when at last a commotion behind the hanging curtains suggested that the unknown was getting up, and at last there was a flash of red wrapper, a glint of golden hair and just a suggestion of white as she vanished around the corner to the dressing room.

The porter came in and made up the berth and presently she returned to her section. Now she wore a trim gray dress. There were dimples in her cheeks, and Clifton rose and strolled forward.

"I want to apologize in person for my awkward blunder," he said as he leaned over the arm of her seat. "It was a silly mistake, but somehow the chap in this section last night gave me the impression that he was going through, and I was so horribly lonesome that I wanted him to play cards with me."

"A sleeper is a place of surprises," she laughed, "but I guess that you were more badly scared than I was, so we'll call it square. I know how lonesome it is traveling."

"May I venture to hope that you will share my solitude?" he pleaded. "You want some breakfast, and I [illegible] at some lunch. May I call the porter?"

The girl nodded, and Clifton pressed the button. Presently they were chatting across the white tablecloth as merrily as though they had been old friends.

Then when the things had been cleared away he got out his cards, and they were soon deep in euchre. She chatted away on impersonal topics, and Clifton was charmed. In contrast with the loneliness of the morning in the deserted car with only the dreary landscape to watch, the girl seemed doubly attractive, and he was surprised when the porter came around to light the lights. A number of persons had boarded the car through the afternoon, but he had scarcely noticed them.

He was sorry now that he had arranged to stop over on some business. He was sorry that he was not going straight through, for she had told him that she was to be on the train until well into the next day.

He swore softly to himself when the porter came to brush him down.

"Be in your station in ten minutes," he said briskly as he picked up the suit case beside Clifton's seat and took it to the forward door. Clifton followed him more leisurely and stopped at the girl's seat.

"I am grateful to you for a most delightful afternoon," he said earnestly. "I am sorry that our ways part so quickly, but somehow I feel certain that I shall see you again."

"I'm sure of it," said the girl with laughing eyes. "But next time I hope that the introduction will not be so abrupt."

"I'll follow the adage and let sleeping dogs—and sleeping car passengers—sleep on," he laughed. "Goodby—and thanks."

Their hands met for a moment in a warm clasp, and then he made his way to the door.

The train pulled out before he turned away from the platform, and with the last flash of the car lights on the glinting gold of her hair a terrible sense of loneliness came over him. He had not asked for her address. It would have been worse than rude, and he wanted her to think well of him, but now he was sorry that he had not risked giving offense. It was too late now, though. She had probably passed out of his life forever, and he turned away toward the hotel stages with a heavy heart. Now that the train had gone on [illegible] that he had fallen in love, and [illegible] an unknown girl at that.

[illegible] were letters waiting for him at [illegible] including one from his sister [illegible] him to close up his business and [illegible] quickly, as she wanted him to reach there before her school chums went back home.

Clifton caught up a sheet of note paper and wrote a line to Nell. He solemnly warned her to cherish no hopes that he would fall in love. "I met a girl on the train," he wrote. "Unless I can find her you will never have a sister-in-law. I think I shall stay here until your visitor goes."

He sent the letter downstairs and turned into bed, but sleep was long in coming. He could see in the darkness of the room that golden head, and he reproached himself for his foolishness in not finding out who she was.

He rose unrefreshed in the morning and went dully about his business. The girl of the train was before his eyes all the time. It was silly, he told himself, to feel so about a woman he would probably never see again, yet at the same time he realized that she had made an impression upon him that time could not efface.

He tried to read that evening, but he could not keep his mind on the magazine, and at last he threw it down and gave himself up to meditation. He knew that if he brooded on the subject he would be unfit for business or anything else. He must find the girl somehow. Perhaps he might trace her through the conductor of the train. She must have come on board about 7 o'clock. Perhaps he could run up the line and find out from the ticket agent. He had about decided upon that scheme when there came a knock at the door, and he went to open it. A bellboy thrust a telegram into his hand and stood waiting to see if there was an answer. Clifton broke the seal listlessly, then gave a shout. The message ran:

"Come home, you silly. Boss Winston was the girl in section 16. She saw your name on the suitcase. That's why she was so nice. Nell."

"Any answer?" asked the boy, fidgeting first on one foot and then on the other.

"I hope the answer will be 'yes,'" said Clifton absently. "I mean," he went on quickly, "yes, there's an answer." And he stretched out his hand for the blank.

Corot and the Prince de Joinville.

"I thank you, Corot," said the prince, holding out his hand, "for having allowed me to renew my youth in seeing your works. And, look, I see there an old acquaintance, your picture of Dante in exile. It was in the Salon of 1843, was it not?" "That is true, mon prince," said Corot. "How in the name of goodness can you remember the dates—you who have seen so many things since that time?" "And the celtic Dolichuse," replied the prince, "worried you a great deal on this subject. But it touched you very little, and you were right. And this lovely, delicate study—you must have made it in the neighborhood of Genoa?" "Indeed, I did," bellowed Corot in his great voice. "You are gifted with second sight. For ten years now I have searched in my old noddle for the place where I did that, and it needed you, mon prince, to come and tell me." "That, M. Corot, is because I have sketched these beautiful mountains more than ten times, and I know them by heart. There is another study over there of a mill on the dunes. It is soft and gray and very true. I think it must have been done at Dunkerque. And next to it I recognize the tower of the port of La Rochelle." "I see, monseigneur—pardon, mon prince—that there is nothing to teach you. I see only one thing—that to your title and quality of prince and admiral must be added that of 'wizard.'"—G. Chardin in Putnam's Weekly.

A SISTER'S COURAGE.

Presence of Mind of an Eighteenth Century Irish Woman.

In looking over some family papers and bundles of old letters I discovered one by Mrs. Jefferys of Blarney castle, County Cork, which contains an account of a circumstance interesting in itself as an instance of heroism on the part of the narrator toward her brother, the Earl of Clare, and so valuable as bringing to light a remarkable event connected with the history of those troubled times that I feel I am only discharging a duty in submitting it to the notice of the editor.

The letter is dated 9 Molesworth street, July, 1807, and, among other matters, Mrs. Jefferys writes as follows:

"On the day Lord Fitzwilliam was recalled, when my brother (the chancellor) was returning from the castle after having assisted at the swearing in of the newly arrived lord lieutenant, a ferocious mob of no less than 5,000 men and several hundred women assembled together in College green and all along the avenue leading to my brother's house. The male part of the insurgents were armed with pistols, cutlasses, sledges, saws, crowbars and every other weapon necessary to break open my brother's house, and the women were all of them armed with their aprons full of paving stones. This ferocious and furious mob began to throw showers of stones into my brother's coach, at his coachman's head and his horses. They wounded my brother in the temple in College green, and if he had not sheltered himself by holding his great square official purse before him he would have been stoned to death before he arrived (through the back yards at his own house, where with several smithy sledges they were working hard to break into his hall door, while others of them had ropes ready to fix up to his lamp iron to hang him the moment they could find him, when I arrived, disguised in my kitchen maid's dress, my blue apron full of stones. I [illegible] with this numerous mob and [illegible] people, sickly man, saying: 'My dear girl, what'll become of him? I see [illegible] standing from the castle to [illegible] and [illegible] a regiment of [illegible] guns, drawn [illegible] people [illegible] you there will we go?' [illegible] Barry, Barry, [illegible] and throwing [illegible] houses [illegible] The crowd closed.

"I then [illegible] for my brother and a [illegible] attack, and [illegible] Lord Clare's life at the [illegible] from Bush if I had been [illegible] by any of the mob."—Lane's Notes and Queries.

Delay In Divorces.

"The underlying reason why so much time usually elapses between the filing of petition and the hearing or trial in divorce proceedings is not generally understood," remarked a lawyer who makes a specialty of this character of practice. "Perhaps it is within the circle of truth to say that in a majority of cases, if either husband or wife, whichever side be plaintiff, should 'stop, look and listen,' as it were, the trouble would be adjusted out of court entirely. As a rule, judges are inclined to afford ample time for domestic partners to ponder well before pursuing further toward legal redress for matrimonial difficulties. 'Divorce in haste and repent at leisure' is a logical paraphrase. Of course, if after mature reflection a different opinion does not ensue, the average jurist would favor [illegible] the suit."—New York Press.

Chills and Hot Baths.

Hot water bathing is beneficial in counteracting the effect of a chill. First, it undoes another mischief worked by the chill. The latter has sent too much blood internally, so risking congestion. Heat brings the blood to the surface. Heat is not life, but it is one of the factors of life. Indeed, dissolution always occurs when the internal bodily temperature is greatly lowered. Heat will not keep a body alive and great heat will kill it. In many morbid states of the system, as rheumatism, hot baths are of great service. Warm baths are useless. The heat should be as great as can be borne without pain.

Fakirs.

Fakirs is the name given to a celebrated class of fanatics found in many parts of the east, but more particularly in India. Some of them will make a vow to continue all their lives in one posture and adhere to it strictly. Others never lie down, but remain in a standing position all their lives, upheld only by sticks or ropes under the armpits. They pretend to have subdued every passion of mortality.

Might Be Worse.

When the poet Wordsworth died an old lady at Ambleside lost no time in telling the mournful news to an old and confidential manservant. "Ey, eh!" quoth Thomas. "It's a gre't loss nae doot, but efter a' it may not be sic a parlish loss as ye're coontin' on. Mrs. Wordsworth, they say, is a gey, clever body, and she'll be carryin' on the business, we may be sewer."

Confidence.

Father (to aspirant to the hand of his daughter)—Suppose I should fail and lose my last cent, would you still ask me for my daughter? Lover—Naturally. I know you to be a man capable of getting to work again and making another fortune.—Il Mondo Umoristico.

No matter how witty the sarcastic man is, he never seems to have a lot of friends.—Somerville Journal.

Her Last Alias

By HORACE HERMSTREET

Copyright, 1906, by E. C. Parcells

Clayton looked up from his book. He had not realized that anything unusual was going on until a scream from the girl roused him. Two men were arguing with her. She, white faced, but determined, held her ground.

"There must be some mistake," she insisted. "I am Una Ormonde of Detroit. I am on my way to meet a party of friends, with whom I am going abroad. If I miss the boat, I shall not only lose the trip, but I shall find myself in New York alone and friendless. Can't you believe me?"

"We believe the [illegible] part all right," grinned one of the detectives. "That's the only part that sounds good to us. Come ahead! We can't keep the train waiting for you."

He laid his hand upon her shoulder, and the girl gave a little cry. Clayton

"I HAVE BEEN MOST MISERABLY SEASICK. WHY DID YOU SEARCH FOR ME?"

threw down the book and crossed the aisle.

"What is the matter?" he asked. "Why do you annoy this lady?"

"This ain't no lady. She is a confidence queen," said the detective roughly. "Don't you come butting in or we'll have to run you in too."

"There's some mistake here," Clayton said quietly. "I presume you are making the arrest on information?"

The detective drew a printed slip from his pocket and passed it to Clayton. It recited that Lon Cogswell, alias Pfeffer, alias Hay, alias Goodrich, was wanted in Chicago for swindling. She was supposed to be making her escape to London or Paris. The description in a general way fitted the girl, but Clayton saw that some mistake had been made. He had been looking at the girl all the afternoon, and he would have sworn that she was no criminal. That her distress was real was apparent.

"This is all wrong," he said decidedly. "That description would fit hundreds of women who have passed through this station today. If you arrest Miss Ormonde, you will be sued for false imprisonment. I know her to be the person she says she is."

"One of her pals, eh?" sneered the detective. "I guess we'd better take you too."

Clayton handed the man a card.

"If you want to mess things up still further," he said quietly, "go ahead."

The officer looked at the card. "Got any letters to back this up?" he demanded. Clayton produced several from his coat. The detective touched his hat.

"I guess we made a mistake," he said uncertainly. "Sorry we troubled the lady. I hope this will go no further, sir."

"It's all right, I suppose," was the careless answer. "If Miss Ormonde will excuse you, I have nothing more to say."

The girl bowed her willingness, and the two men filed sheepishly out of the car. Arresting a confidence queen was one thing. Mistaking a friend of the son of the governor of the state was quite another. They were glad they were let off so easily.

Una turned to Clayton.

"I am very much obliged to you," she said softly. "I don't know what I should have done had they taken me off the train. I am to sail in the morning with Uncle Jim and a party of friends. Father sent him a draft for my expenses, and I should have landed in New York without funds or friends had I been detained."

"I am glad to have been of service," Clayton said. "May I sit down here for a few minutes? You see, the other passengers are looking, and since I so boldly claimed acquaintance it would look odd if I returned to my own seat."

"It was a daring thing to do," she smiled. "How do you know that I am not this confidence queen?"

"That's easy," he declared. "You do not look the part. I think I am a better judge of human nature than the chaps with the badges."

She bowed her acknowledgment of the compliment.

"I should hate to feel that I looked like a swindler," she laughed.

"You look more like an angel," he said daringly and looking into the clear eyes. "It was that that first attracted my attention."

"I saw you looking several times," she said demurely. "You certainly made an exhaustive study."

"I did not mean to be impertinent," he said. "I did not know that I was rude."

"You were not," she corrected. "It was [illegible] that I was [illegible], let's say observant."

Clayton flushed somehow the girl had made an impression on him when she first came on the car. It was pleasant to think that she, too, had been interested. The thought gave him courage, and almost before they realized it the porter began to brush the passengers down.

"Mercy!" she cried. "I did not know that time was passing so. We are almost in New York."

"I wish we were headed the other way," he said regretfully. "May I call before you go?"

"I sail in [illegible]," she said, "I am sorry that I cannot say yes. You see, I don't know what plans have been made for this evening, and it might not look well to leave you unless [illegible]."

"May I write?" he asked eagerly. "I do not want to have you slip right out of my life."

"I think it would be better," she said slowly. "I wish you would even forget my name. I—I cannot explain."

"I'll think of you as Mlle. Alias," he said promptly. "Your double had so many names that I shall pretend that you are she."

They had risen and were standing on the platform of the Pullman. She put her hand in his.

"Perhaps I am," she said softly. "Thank you so much for your kindness, and goodby."

She had slipped down the steps and was lost in the crowd before Clayton had recovered from the audacity of that last speech. He knew that it could not be true, yet for a moment the suggestion shocked him. He hurried down the platform after her, but the boats were just leaving their slips as he passed through the gate, and she was lost.

For weeks Clayton puzzled over that speech. He knew very well that she was not the swindler, yet why did she choose to create that doubt? The more he reasoned the more puzzled he became. Only one fact stood unchanged. He loved her. That was certain.

Business called him to London, and there, away from his friends, he came to his decision. When his business affairs were straightened out he would go straight to Detroit and see if he could locate the Ormondes.

But he did not have to wait that long. He took the boat at Southampton, and at Cherbourg the passengers from Paris came on board. Clayton, leaning over the rail on the upper deck, saw a figure ascending the gangway that caused his heart to beat faster.

It could be none other than Mlle. Alias. He hurried down to the lower deck, but could not find her, and, though the passenger list gave her name, for two days he looked for her in vain.

Then, late in the evening, a wan little figure was helped out on deck and established in a steamer chair. Clayton hurried toward her.

"I have been looking for you for two days," he said when greetings had been exchanged. "Where have you concealed yourself?"

"In my berth," she explained. "I have been most miserably seasick. Why did you search for me?"

"I wanted to ask you to become my wife," he said directly.

"Not knowing whether I am a confidence worker or not?" she demanded.

"Knowing in my heart that you are not," he corrected, "why did you seek to raise such a doubt?"

"As a test," she said. "Had you not believed in me you would have lost interest, and I wanted to see"—

"Are you content?" he asked as his hand closed over hers. "I have never lost faith."

She spoke no word, yet Clayton knew that he had won, and he bent and kissed her. "We shall add Clayton to your aliases," he smiled. "That will be the last."

What Books Do.

Books are friends whose society is extremely agreeable to me. They are of all ages and of every country. They have distinguished themselves both in the cabinet and in the field and obtained high honors for their knowledge of the sciences. It is easy to gain access to them, for they are always at my service, and I admit them to my company and dismiss them from it whenever I please. They are never troublesome, but immediately answer every question I ask them. Some relate to me the events of past ages, while others reveal to me the secrets of nature. Some teach me how to live and others how to die. Some, by their vivacity, drive away my cares and exhilarate my spirits, while others give fortitude to my mind and teach me the important lesson how to restrain my desires and depend wholly on myself. They open to me, in short, the various avenues of all the arts and sciences, and upon their information I safely rely in all emergencies. In return for all these services they only ask me to accommodate them with a convenient chamber in some corner of my humble habitation, where they may repose in peace, for these friends are more delighted by the tranquillity of retirement than with the tumults of society.—Francesco Petrarca.

Complimented.

"What do you think of my latest poem?" inquired the young man with inky fingers.

"It proved that you possess certain highly admirable traits," answered Miss Cayenne. "Its composition showed great industry and its publication great moral courage."—Washington Star.

ANCIENT LITERATURE.

How Some of It Was Luckily Saved From Destruction.

Considering that the whole of ancient literature was confined to manuscript, it is wonderful that so much of it has come down to us. The preservation of some old writings has been almost miraculous. To a single copy preserved in a monastery of Westphalia, for instance, do we owe all that we have of Tacitus. This is the more remarkable since the emperor of that name had copies of the works of his distinguished ancestor placed in all the imperial libraries and caused ten copies of them to be transcribed yearly. Still, only the one copy has been found in modern times.

A page of the second decade of Livy, we are told, was discovered by a man of letters on a battledoor while he was amusing himself in the country. He rushed up to town, but he was too late, for the battledoor maker had used up all his parchment the week before." Two manuscripts of Cicero on "Glory" were presented to Petrarch, who lent them to an old preceptor. This latter gentleman, being pressed by want, pawned them and died without revealing the name of the pawnbroker. Two centuries afterward they were mentioned in a catalogue of books bequeathed to a convent, but could not be found. It is supposed that Petrus Aleyonius, the physician to the institution, appropriated them and, having transposed some of the thoughts to his own writings, destroyed the originals.

The original Magna Charta of England has certain mutilations, presumably from a pair of shears. It is said that Sir Richard Cotton, calling one day at his tailor's, discovered that that man was holding in his hand ready to cut up for a pattern a copy of the great Magna Charta, with all its appendages and seals.

THE STICKLEBACK.

After Winning a Fight His Colors Take on Brighter Hues.

Most courtly and gallant of fish is the three spined stickleback, the beloved "tiddler" of British youth. These little fish derive their name from the sharp spines with which they are armed and which they can raise or depress at will.

The female stickleback is the model wife of a model husband. She does not leave her eggs to chance, but establishes a nest or nursery for their reception, over which her irritated little husband keeps a jealous guard.

Woe betide the rival "tiddler" who rashly approaches too closely the domicile of his neighbor during the breeding season. With all his spines fixed for action the warlike parent steams out to offer him battle.

The contest that ensues is desperate, the combatants darting at each other with lightning rapidity, biting and striking at each other with their spines, a well directed cut from which weapon of offense will often rip up the body of the adversary, sending him to the bottom.

But most remarkable of all is the decoration which nature bestows upon the victor. The brilliant green of his mail becomes fired with gold, while his red throat blushes to a deeper hue than ever.

On the other hand, his vanquished assailant, should he be fortunate enough to escape with his life from the battle, loses his brilliant and martial uniform of red, green and gold and retires to some obscure corner of his native pond, arrayed in a humble civilian uniform of sober and sorrowful gray.—Dundee Advertiser.

Parisians' Bread.

There is no city in the world where so much bread is consumed as in Paris. It is estimated that every inhabitant eats one pound a day on the average. Even in past centuries the French—especially Parisians—had a horror of stale bread. And, as in those days people manufactured their own bread, they had a curious way of making it palatable. Strange as it may seem, the bread they prepared—huge round or square slabs—was used as a dish on which the meat was carved and bore the name of "trenchoirs," or "tailloirs." The juice of the meat having penetrated into the bread imparted a pleasant taste and prevented it from becoming dry.

High Priced Copy.

During the absence of Kimberley the editor of the only daily paper there was often hard put to find enough news. One day in a chemist he found Cecil Rhodes reading a fairly new paper from Cape Town. He borrowed it and rushed to his own office, where it soon reappeared as a special edition, selling like hot cakes. That same evening he met Rhodes, who inquired, "Where's my Cape Town paper?" "Oh, I cut it up for the printers," was the reply. "Please don't do that again," said Rhodes mildly. "That paper came through my native runners and cost me $1,000!"

The Long Lived Orchid Flower.

Even when orchid flowers are fully developed they may remain mount upon the plants for two or three weeks without apparent deterioration. This gives them a manifest advantage over most flowers that have to be cut immediately upon or even in advance of reaching full maturity.—Country Life in America.

Never!

Mrs. Styles—My husband has the utmost confidence in me. Mrs. Myles—Did you ever ask him to let you cut his hair?—Yonkers Statesman.

He who restrains not his tongue shall live in trouble.—Brahman Maxim.

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Croup can positively be stopped in 20 minutes. No vomiting—nothing to sicken or distress your child. A sweet, pleasant, and safe Syrup, called Dr. Shoop's Croup Cure is for Croup alone, remember. It does not claim to cure a dozen ailments. It's for Croup, that's all sold by all dealers.

If you are Constipated, dull, or bilious, or have a sallow lifeless complexion, try Lax-ets just once to see what they will do for you. Lax-ets are little toothsome Candy tablets—nice to eat, nice in effect. No griping, no pain. Just a gentle laxative effect that is pleasingly desirable. Handy for the vest pocket or purse, Lax-ets beautiful lithographed metal boxes at 5 cents and 25 cents. Sold by all dealers.

Without Regard to Etiquette

By OTHO B. SENGA

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It was characteristic of Ross Brady that he laughed, although somewhat bitterly, as the gaudy auto car dashed by. He had received but the merest nod of recognition from Miss Danvers.

"Ross, my boy," he soliloquized, "you must have made a mistake in thinking you were invited to join this festive crowd."

He took a small envelope from his inner coat pocket and read portions of the note in a mumbling undertone, adding caustic comments as he proceeded:

"'My dear Ross,' M'm, dear Ross feels pretty cheap—about 23 cents' worth at the present moment! 'There will be a small party of us at Wiers from the 16th to the 27th.' Well, I'm only two days in the rear—not bad for a laboring man! 'It would be very pleasant if you could be there at the same time.' M'm, pleasant! I wonder just where the pleasure comes in! Well, here we are. Ross, brace up!"

He furtively flicked the dust from his shoes and ran lightly up the broad terraces to the hotel piazza.

He had hoped that Effie would wait for him. She must have known that he was on his way to call upon her.

The torturing minutes seemed hours, after he had sent up his card, and he felt the scarlet blood mount to his forehead again and again as some laughing girl stole a second glance at his handsome face and stalwart figure.

When Effie came down the stairs gowned in white she seemed to the embarrassed young fellow the embodiment of coolness and self possession.

Her greeting was hardly courteous, in degree removed from cordiality, and she spoke with some asperity.

"Why, Ross [illegible], where are you staying? I expected you to register here!"

He crimsoned under the reproof of her voice and manner; then the square shoulders were set back, and the heavy chin hardened.

"You know, Effie," gravely, "that I could not afford the rates here. I am at a farmhouse a mile away. I can be with you whenever you wish, Effie," pleadingly.

She seemed not to hear him.

"And your call just now, Ross," fretfully, "is wholly without regard to etiquette. I only came down to tell you that you can come again tomorrow, and be sure to send up two cards, one for me and one for Mrs. Lyons, the chaperon of the party.

He laughed shortly.

"Effie, the card I sent up is probably the last one I have. My vacation is necessarily a brief one, and"—

"Oh, Ross," in an excited whisper, "here comes Miss Van Vance! Do go! I mustn't be seen talking to you like this. She is from New York and awfully"—

Brady waited no longer. He bowed formally to Effie and turned sharply toward the door, meeting Miss Van Vance on the threshold.

She looked squarely into his eyes as they passed with an expression that he afterward recalled and wondered about.

She's a good deal older than Effie and those other girls, he mused. "I wonder"— Then he shrugged his shoulders impatiently. "What difference does it make anyhow? I'll write Effie a note. I was a donkey not to think about cards. I don't wonder she was annoyed. She wants to be correct about matters of etiquette, of course."

But Brady's honest heart was sore indeed on the following day when the messenger returned with no answer to the pleading little note he sent to Effie.

He put on a rough suit of flannel and started for a tramp, striding rapidly along the country road, his handsome face moody and forbidding.

The sound of wheels roused him from his unpleasant reflections.

"It is country etiquette," said a clear voice, "for one who drives to ask one who walks to 'have a lift.'"

He turned quickly. It was Miss Van Vance, seated in a light Stanhope, driving a high stepping bay. She smiled down into his astonished face, reined and turned the animal with a quick movement of her supple wrist, glancing invitingly at the seat beside her.

Brady had never before been challenged in just such a way, and his blood rose. His usual diffidence vanished; he stepped promptly into the vehicle and seated himself, saying easily, "Is it etiquette for the one who walks to introduce himself to the one who drives?"

"It isn't necessary," coolly. "You are Ross Brady; you were brought up on a farm in northern Vermont; you have studied all sorts of ologies and isms, and you are now taking the advanced course in metallurgy at the Harvard summer school."

"Who told you?" rashly.

"No one. I simply put two and two together. The sum is seven! I wasn't sure, but your question proves it."

"I am easily trapped," admitted Brady.

He felt a sudden sense of ease and confidence and of comradeship with this stately looking girl, and almost before he knew it he was pouring forth the whole story of his aims and ambitions, his plans and hopes, even to his love for little Effie Danvers and his chagrin at her cool reception.

Miss Van Vance listened interestingly, smiling half sadly.

"Mr. Brady," she said slowly, "I am older than you, and I have had, perhaps, wider opportunities for observing human nature. And I am like Samanthy Allen—I know women just like a book because I've been one quite a spell. It is a woman's nature to want a man to beat down all barriers, even those she herself has erected. Is the hint sufficient, Mr. Brady?"

"I think so," quietly, "and I thank you, Miss Van Vance."

He resolved to act upon the suggestion, yet it was two days before he summoned courage to go again to the hotel.

"Miss Danvers is not here just now," said the talkative bellboy. "That whole party is out on the lake boat ride, they're gettin' ready to go. You'll find them, I guess, if you go down," pocketing a dime with accustomed celerity. "They're goin' in a launch."

For an instant Brady was tempted to go away. Then he thought of Miss Van Vance and ran quickly down the steps to the boat landing.

Miss Van Vance, standing on the float, greeted him delightedly.

"I am so glad you happened along. Can you spare the time to go around the lake with us?"

Brady surprised himself with the ready ease of his acceptance.

Miss Van Vance introduced him with an air of proprietorship. "My friend, Mr. Brady," adding, as she presented him to Miss Danvers, "The fact that you are both Vermonters ought to be an immediate bond between you two."

Poor little Effie colored and faltered. She dared not say they were old time friends in the face of Brady's somewhat formal acknowledgment of the introduction.

With delicate tact Miss Van Vance drew out Brady's gift for narrative, and he was soon in the midst of an absorbing story of a genuine wild fox hunt.

The other two young men of the party were seated in the bow of the launch, smoking.

Suddenly a sheet of flame shot high into the air. A lighted match had ignited the gasoline in the escape basin, and an explosion of the main tank seemed inevitable. The young fellow employed to run the launch was paralyzed with fear.

The girls shrieked in terror, and two or three sprang upon the seat to leap into the water.

"Sit down!" shouted Brady sternly.

He plunged his hand into the fire and turned the valve, thus stopping the flow of oil from the main tank. Then he threw himself against the flames wherever they appeared, beating them out with his coat and bare hands.

The other men, recovering from their momentary panic, wet their caps and assisted him.

Then some one screamed again, and Miss Danvers' clothing was seen to be on fire in the back. Brady instantly threw his arms around her, smothering the flames against his own body.

No one was more than slightly injured, except Brady. His arms and hands were quite badly burned, and the physician looked grave as he dressed them.

"I hope you will pardon the manner in which I embraced you, Miss Danvers," said Brady nonchalantly. "I fear it was hardly according to etiquette"— glancing humorously at Miss Van Vance.

"You are a splendid hero!" cried Mrs. Lyons hysterically. "Effie should be proud to be embraced by such a man."

"Even if he is an utter stranger," added Miss Van Vance significantly.

Effie threw back her girlish head defiantly and stepped to Brady's side.

"He is not a stranger!" she exclaimed, putting her hand caressingly on his shoulder. "Ross and I have been engaged ever since we were children. Only I—I"—

"Never mind, Effie," interrupted Ross tenderly; "you needn't try to explain."

"I congratulate you both," said Miss Van Vance cordially, "only," teasingly, as she held Effie's hand warmly in her own, "only, Miss Danvers, your manner of announcing your engagement is so wholly without regard to"—

Effie smiled brightly through her tears. "I know, Miss Van Vance, and I deserve a lesson. You have been a good friend to me."

"Better than you know, little Effie," murmured Miss Van Vance to herself as she turned away, "and the temptation was greater than you can possibly understand."

Wrestling With English.

A writer in the Boston Transcript recalls some amusing blunders foreigners make in using English. A Hungarian journalist, leading up to an account of an earthquake, told how merrily the evening had passed. Just before the crash came the ladies had retired to their rooms, whereas "we man was remaining in the coffee." A French dressmaker advertised her work as "grand, elegant and swell." A polite and sympathetic Jap wrote, "I'm rather sorry you have been so ill," and a Parisian lady asked to be recommended as a teacher of French and added, with exquisite naivete, "I am not obliged to earn my life, but I want to have two strings to my arc." An excited Italian, when he had sent a manuscript with a page missing, wrote, "If anything like this happens again, notify me suddenly." These infelicities recall also the Mexican diplomat at Washington who affably remarked, "Your climate in Buffalo is wat you call deefeecult, eh?"

Diplomatic.

An Irishman was recently traveling in a train accompanied by a minister, when two very stout ladies entered the compartment. They placed themselves one on each side of Pat, who was, of course, much crushed.

The minister, on seeing him so placed, said, "Are you sure you are comfortable, Pat?"

To this question Pat quickly replied, "Sure, your honor, I haven't much room to grumble."—London Answers.

Tobacco Smoke and Flowers.

A remarkable effect of tobacco smoke on the color of flowers may be seen in the case of the field scabia named botanically Knautia arvensis, so frequently on the hills and commons from August till October. If its purplish blue blossoms, which form nearly globose heads, are held in the smoke of tobacco, their color will soon turn to a bright green, about the same color as the leaves.—Exchange.

The Dangerous Part.

"See here," feebly complained the victim after the accident, "I thought you said it was perfectly safe to go up in that old elevator?"

"Well," replied the elevator man, "so it was safe to go up. You see, the dangerous part of it was comin' down."—Philadelphia Press.

Mussing Union Suits" for men, women and children. A necessity for comfo Lindheim's.

Confused the Elevator Man.

New York elevator operators have a dislike of the word "next."

"It is too confusing," said one man. "For example, five men signed for my car the other day. One said, 'Fifth floor.' The other said, 'Next.' I stopped at the second floor and waited and waited for the man who had ordered 'next' to get off. He flew into a rage. 'I don't want this floor,' he said. 'I said the sixth floor. Didn't the other fellow say "Fifth," and didn't I say "Next," and isn't sixth next after fifth, Huh?'

"The following day one passenger called out, 'Third floor,' and the other said 'Next' at the same time. I thought I knew my business that time. I hustled the third floor man right up to his landing and took the chap who wanted 'next' on to the fourth floor. He was angry also. 'What did you bring me up here for when I wasn't looking?' he thundered. 'Didn't you hear me say next?' 'Yes,' said I, 'but the other man said third'— 'I don't give a rap,' said he, 'what the other man said. We were then on the first floor, and when I said next didn't that mean second? I'll report you for inattention, that's what I'll do.'

"And that is what he did do," sighed the operator. "Clearly the word 'next' ought to be abolished."—New York Sun.

The Old Fashioned "Hired Girl."

The "hired girl" (we never, never alluded to her as "the maid" in the small American town or quiet country place where you and I were "raised") was like one of the family, and mother was glad to have her help, and none of us put on any frills with her, and she was not compelled to put on any frills of cap or apron with us. Offlines, especially in the quiet country places, her social standing was as good as that of anybody else. Usually she was one of a grown family of girls. There was plenty of help at her house, and so she came and assisted our mother at our house. In their hours of ease mother and she discussed the neighborhood gossip together. The "hired girl" had her beau, a neighbor's stolid, sheepish son, and much was she joked about him, and finally, after years of faithful and friendly servitude, she married him. We went to the wedding, and it was quite a social affair, with much temperate merriment and with many cheap but useful presents.—Everybody's Magazine.

Webster's Compliment.

While it is well known that Daniel Webster in speaking of General Taylor's candidacy for the office of president pronounced it "a nomination not fit to be made," he never failed to do justice to the general's military abilities and eminent service in the field. On one occasion he paid the old soldier a delicate and well deserved compliment. General Taylor was complaining of the crowds of people who daily besieged him soon after his accession to the presidency.

"They interfere," he said, "with my official engagements and violate my domestic retirement, but still I do not wish to turn my back upon my friends."

"You never did upon your enemies, general," Mr. Webster instantly replied.

The Snob.

The snob cultivates a man or a woman not because he expects to get a job or a loan out of either, but because he thinks either can help him along into society's elect. He cuts a former acquaintance because the unfortunate person seems to be of no use in his own social advancement. He suppresses the impulse that may lead him to dislike useful people and like useless ones just as the ambitious bank clerk suppresses his small extravagances, his fondness for the race track. Because social position seems so important to him he admires excessively those who have it and snubs those whose position he deems inferior to his own.—New York Mail.

The Letter A.

The letter A is in Hebrew called aleph, an ox, and the Phoenician character which represents this sound was originally a picture of an ox head; hence the name. The right hand stroke of the A represents the top of the head, the other down stroke the left side, and a line, since fallen out of use, represented the right side of the head, while in very old Phoenician manuscripts two dots above for eyes and two below for nostrils rendered the resemblance complete.

Bachelor Ignorance.

"Aren't men the limit?" said young Mrs. Wheel. "When I told my brother this morning that baby had just cut a tooth, he asked me savagely why I had allowed it to play with knives."

"And my bachelor uncle," said Mrs. Whim, "when he heard that my baby had begun teething, wanted to know if it would begin hairing soon."—New York Press.

Odd Bookmarks.

A Newark librarian has kept a record of odd bookmarks found in returned books. The record includes an insurance policy, a two dollar bill, a pair of spectacles, love letters, a will, a mortgage, photographs, a marriage certificate, a promissory note, dress samples and a hare's foot.

Then She Got Furious.

She—Here we've been married just one month, and now you no longer love me. He—But, my dear— She—Don't try to explain. I'm not blind. You made a mistake. You ought to have married some silly, stupid woman. He—But, dearest, I've done my best.

Distrust is the mother of security.—La Fontaine.

Piles get quick relief from Dr. Shoop's Magic Ointment. Remember it's made alone for Piles—and it works with certainty and satisfaction. Itching, painful, protruding or blind piles disappear like magic by its use. Try it and see! All dealers.

Promises to the Dying.

A clergyman, discussing unhappy love affairs, said:

"Many a love tragedy is caused by a husband's promise to a dying wife that he will not marry again. He thinks when he makes this promise that it will be easy to keep. Whether it is easy or hard to keep, it is a promise rarely if ever broken. Time and time again widowers have sought me out for advice on this subject. They are in love, but they promised their dead wives not to marry again. Shall they break or keep this promise? I can only advise them to do as their conscience dictates. At the same time I think it is selfish of dying wives to extract such promises from their broken hearted husbands. Such promises, by the way, are rarely extracted by dying husbands from broken hearted wives. But, then, when the dead husband's will is read it is usually found that if the widow marries again the money is all taken from her. So it comes to the same thing in the end doesn't it?"—New York Press.

Famous Collection of Antlers.

Of the famous collections of antlers formed in the seventeenth century only two or three have escaped the general fate of conflagrations, sieges and pillage. One of these is in Moritzburg, the king of Saxony's historical hunting castle, near Dresden, while in the celebrated gun gallery in Dresden itself are to be seen in an unrivaled show the wonderfully inlaid arms used by the elector. The great banqueting hall of the castle of Moritzburg is one of the sights with which no doubt many a traveled reader has been charmed. It is a chamber of noble proportions, sixty-six feet long by thirty-four wide and thirty-eight feet high. On its otherwise unadorned white walls hang seventy-one pairs of magnificent antlers, which one may describe as the most famous of their kind in the world. Not a single one carries less than twenty-four tines or is less than 200 years old, while some are probably double that age.

A Celebrated Clock.

The art of the clockmaker has achieved many remarkable triumphs during many centuries. Sometimes it is a clock wonderful for the complexity of its movements and its busy population of automatons that attracts our admiration, like that in the Cathedral of Strassburg. At other times the immense size of the machinery and the dials excites astonishment. This is the case with the celebrated clock in the tower of the Church of St. Rombaut at Mechlin. A writer in La Nature thinks this clock possesses the largest dials that exist in the world. There are four of them, one on each side of the great square tower, and their extreme diameter is nearly thirty-seven and one-half feet. The figures showing the hours are nearly six and one-half feet high, and the hands have a length of nearly twelve feet.

Who Gets Your Vote?

"Do you see that man there?" remarked a barber to a customer in his chair. "Well, he has had one and the same job for the past forty-seven years and has been married all that time, and his wife has never at any time during that period known what salary her husband was getting. The wife gets so much a week and no more and has never been able to learn what amount of money her husband has been receiving in exchange for his labor. Now, what bothers me is which should have the diamond medal—I say diamond, as in this case the finest would seem to be needed—the man for being able to so long baffle a woman's curiosity or the woman for surviving so long an unsatisfied curiosity."—Columbus Dispatch.

A Fearful Duel.

The most terrible duel fought at any time in Paris was the one between Colonel D., an old Bonapartist officer, and M. de G. of the Gardes du Corps, a movement. The two men, lashed together so as to leave their right arms free, were armed with short knives, placed in a hackney coach and driven at a tearing gallop around the Place de la Concorde. They were taken out of the coach dead. The colonel had eighteen stabs, the youth only four, but one of these had pierced his heart.

Mastered the Q.

Hundreds of people have cured themselves of impediments in speech. One of last year's mayors as a young man used to find it almost impossible to pronounce words beginning with a "q." Every day for months he used to walk across St. James' park practicing this sentence aloud, "A quantity of quicksilver quietly quarried in a quagmire," until he conquered the impediment. Today he is one of the most fluent speakers in England.—London Tit-Bits.

Why He Wanted an Autograph.

A young man once wrote to William Dean Howells for his autograph. The novelist replied in a typewritten line:

"Have you bought my last book?"

The young man answered:

"I have not. I want to sell your autograph in order to get money enough to buy it."

Reasonable Request.

"The trouble," said the dentist as he probed away at the aching molar with a long, slender instrument, "is evidently due to a dying nerve."

"Well," groaned the victim, "it's open to you to treat the dying with a little more respect."

The Combination.

Miss Millyun—One can be very happy in this world with health and money. Deadbroke—Then let's be made one. I have the health and you have the money.—Illustrated Bits.

The Lobster.

"Aw, g'on, Mike," said the British soldier, attempting to end the argument; you're a lobster."

"Ye flatter me," retorted Mike. "Shure, a lobster's a wise animal, for green is the color fur him as long as he lives, an' he'll die before he puts on a red coat."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Rule the "Roost" or "Roast."

Steven Gardener, an under cook in the Cardinal Wolfe Wolsey hys house, and afterwardes allowed of kynge Henry the eyght to be a master cooke, and hys principall cooke for a longe tyme, ruled the roste in ye kynge's house as boldly and as saucely as hys maister dyd before him, as ye blowes upon his choke that my Lorde of Warwyke gave him may bare wytnes.—Spirituall Physic, 1555.

Big Differences.

"What!" said the judge. "You expect me to send your husband to prison when you acknowledge that you threw five flatirons at him and he only threw one at you?"

"Yes; that's all right, judge," said the irate woman, "but, then, the one he threw hit me."

Scandalous.

Mr. Moth—Glad to see you on your feet again, old man! What caused all the trouble?

His Neighbor—Why, I dined off a seemingly wooden overcoat, and it turned out to be the worst kind of shoddy. I tell you the extent to which food adulteration is carried on nowadays is nothing short of criminal.—Puck.

Flowers and Voice.

Mrs. Howells (reading)—A German scientist claims that the odor of flowers has a pernicious effect on the human voice. Howells—That's all rot. I used to buy flowers for you before we were married, and your voice wasn't hoarse as it is now.

Approval?

"Do you think they approved of my sermon?" asked the newly appointed rector, hopeful that he had made a good impression on his parishioners.

"Yes, I think so," replied his wife; "they were all nodding."

When Schumann was in love he wrote, "I wish I were a smile, that I might play about your cheeks."

To have beautiful, perfect, pink, velvet-like lips, apply at bedtime a light coating of Dr. Shoop's Green Salve. Then, next morning, notice carefully the effect. Dry, cracked or colorless lips mean feverishness, and are as well appearing. Dr. Shoop's Green Salve is a soft, creamy, healing ointment, that will quickly correct any skin blemish or ailment. Get a free trial box at our store and be convinced. Large, Glass Jars, 25cts. All dealers.

Two days treatment free. Ring's Dyspepsia Tablets for impaired digestion, impure breath, perfect assimulation of food, increased appetite. Do not fail to avail yourself of the above offer. For sale by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport; C. A. Anderson, Colegrove, Pa.

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every day, out in the cold, rough weather—fine, snowy, blowy, rainy, can get protection that protects him against the blasts and sting of winter weather.

Winter is not a supposition, although late in coming, will be here and may stay late.

All we want to do is to impress on your mind for future reference that we have Lambs' Wool Coats, —Fur Gloves, outside and inside—and all the clothing that the outdoor man is liable to want.

Not forgetting that the man who works inside needs work clothes too—that we have.

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